CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

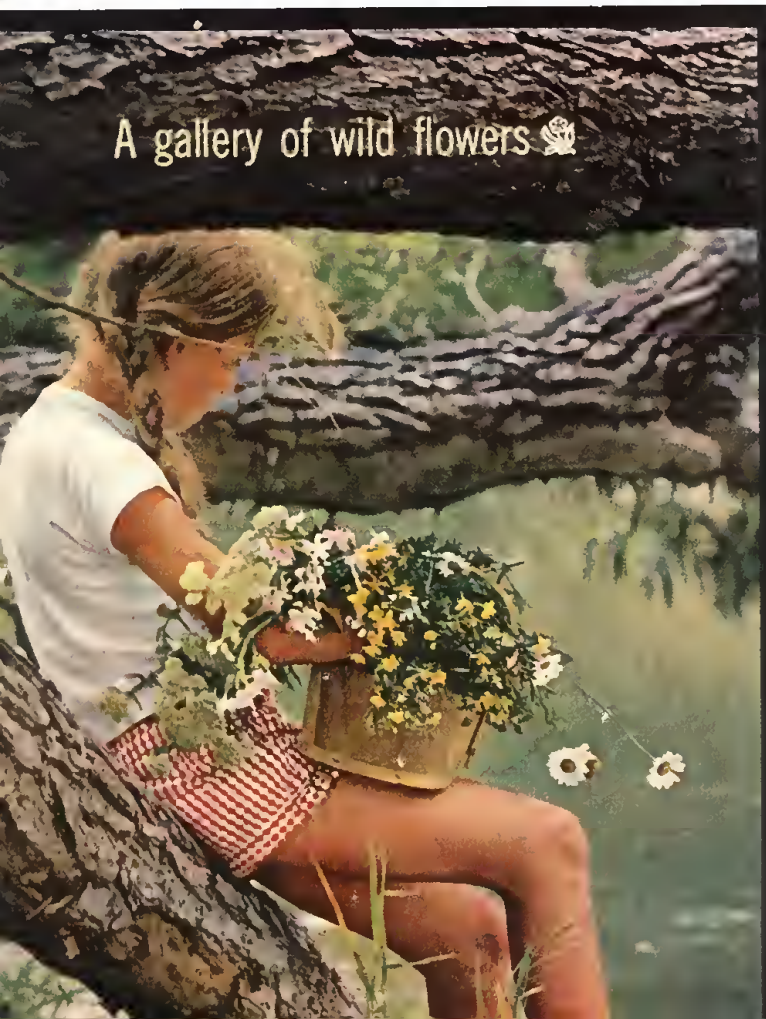
MACLEAN'S

15c
March 10 1962

A national report on

MUNICIPAL CORRUPTION

How and why breach of trust almost always pays



A reporter's notes from two months inside Castro's camp

CUBA'S PROGRAM TO EXPORT REVOLUTION

Ralph Allen reports on the

RULE OF TERROR IN B.C.'S SEPARATE STATE

you'll like this beer

just about everybody does

THAT IS WHY IT IS CANADA'S BEST-SELLING BEER

CARLING Black Label LAGER BEER

just say "MABEL, BLACK LABEL!"



MACLEAN'S

How 1,300 B.C. doctors are cutting the cancer toll

From 1955 to 1960, the incidence of advanced cervical cancer among women in British Columbia dropped from 78.4 per 100,000 to 19.7 per 100,000—while the rate among women in other provinces stayed constant or even went up. The next few years are expected to show an even more dramatic change in favor of B.C. "Statistics tend behind results," says Dr. Herbert K. Fidler.

Dr. Fidler's most impressive result is 300 lives women alive today who would undoubtedly be dead without Fidler's intervention. His method is based on the discovery, made about 20 years ago by a New York pathologist, that cell changes which foreshadow cancer of the cervix can be detected under a microscope up to 10 years before the cancer itself appears. Treated at this early stage, the disease can be cured in virtually every case, by radiation or surgery or both. If it is not discovered until the advanced stage it is curable in only 50 percent of cases. In 1960 this type of cancer killed 615 women in Canada.

Dr. Fidler, who is head of the pathology department at Vancouver General Hospital, conceived the idea of testing cervical cancer by setting up a mass screening program that would cover the whole female population of the province. In 1949, with a $12,000 grant from the B.C. division of the Canadian Cancer Society, he initiated a pilot program in Vancouver staffed by him and another doctor. Dr. David A. Bates and one technician. Their work demonstrated that province-wide testing was feasible, and Dr. Fidler persuaded the provincial health department to finance the attempt with a cancer control grant shared equally by the federal government. The grant was about $100,000 last year, and the B.C. Cancer Foundation has built a new cytology laboratory for the growing staff of specialists to work in.

The key to success for the whole program is universal participation by women and their doctors. Dr. Fidler and his staff worked on the doctors through medical associations, at conventions, by letter and personal contact. The Cancer Society took on the job of telling women by means of educational films and meetings, about the simple test that saves lives. Now 1,300 doctors in the province take smears from the cervix as a routine part of every medical check-up and send them to the central laboratory. Last year the lab processed 93,736 smears and uncovered 717 cases of early cancer.

Since 1949 about 225,000 of B.C.'s 470,000 women have been through the testing program. About 1,700 of these showed cell changes in the early stage. Without treatment, more than 700 would have developed symptomatic cancer of the cervix and more than 300 would surely have died.

What convinces Dr. Fidler that the screening program works is the survival rate. Doctors generally consider a cancer patient cured if he is still alive five years after an operation. Women who have had their early cancer of the cervix treated five or more years ago are alive today. If any have died it has been from other causes, says Dr. Fidler. Dr. Bates says: "That proof has shown that it is possible to do a successful test program on a mass basis as a practical technique of preventive medicine."

FRANK WALDEN

WATCH FOR

BANK CLERKS who'll accept payment for parking tickets, saving a trip to city hall. The system is working in Sherbrooke, Que., and other municipalities plan to adopt it if it proves popular with the first paying public.

A FACE LIFT for downtown Halifax. Seven hundred families have been turned out of condemned buildings to make way for a new main street, a new courthouse, a multistory parking garage and a new school for the blind. Africville, a collection of shacks near the city dump will be razed. One thing that won't go is a brewery—recommended for demolition by one "dry" planner.

RAILWAY EXCURSIONS from Montreal next summer for people who like to ride behind a genuine, hissing, whistling steam locomotive. CNR men are working out logistics: coal cars will be spotted along the route and the tenders will be loaded by "slam buckets." civic fire departments in towns too far off will be asked to provide water for the boilers.

SQUARE CLASSROOMS, without windows, artificially lighted and ventilated, being tried out in two new secondary schools in London, Ont. Shallow wider rooms mean shorter corridors and a saving in building costs per square foot.

AN OXYGEN TENT for pets permitting oxygen to be administered at home in cases of respiratory distress, heat prostration, shock and in caring for newborn litters. The portable unit consists of a rigid plastic pan for the animal to sit in and a zippered plastic canopy.

WATCH OUT FOR

A DIETETIC COCKTAIL, called the Weight Hater, that consists of vodka and Metrecal.

PROFILE: A Hungarian rabbi's English dictionary

A Hungarian-born rabbi who came to Canada 18 years ago claims to have discovered 6,000 errors in the second edition of Webster's New International Dictionary. North America's largest dictionary of the English language. The Canada Council, on the word of some distinguished Canadian scholars, is betting that the rabbi is right and Webster wrong, and has granted Dr. Ernest Klein $4,000 to get his own 400,000-word Comprehensive Etymological Dictionary of the English Language typed for publication. (The Authorized Version takes up 738 manuscript pages.)

Though he has lived in an English-speaking environment only since 1951, Rabbi Klein has no misgivings about challenging the work of the American scholars who worked on Webster. "I trust in science rather than instinct," he says, and although no purple line more interested in this own language than the English, the world's foremost authorities on English language and grammar are not natives of English-speaking countries, but men like Otto Jespersen of Denmark. My dictionary hinges much on lexicography-as-a-science."

Rabbi Klein's dictionary will not, except incidentally, deal with the meanings of words on that score he finds no fault with Webster. He concentrates on etymology—the derivation of words—which he says is vital. "The history of a man of science or industry and religion is all shown in the etymology of a language." In 1935 "Webster's scholars treat the matter superficially due no doubt to a lack of knowledge of all the languages which make up English and a failure to trace the origin of words back beyond Greek and Latin." Dr. Klein, who knows 30 languages and speaks 16 fluently, says his dictionary will improve on Webster—as well as on the older Oxford Shorter and Murray works—in its references to the Teutonic and Semitic languages. Teutonic is a long extinct language used several thousand years before the birth of Christ, which provides a missing link between Sanskrit, the oldest known member of the Indo-European language family, and the modern Indo-European languages.

Not only words of ancient origin but modern ones too are incompletely or imperfectly derived in Webster. Dr.



Klein says. He cites this example from Webster:

ASPIRIN—From acetyl + spiraeic acid [old name for salicylic acid] + -in.

Dr. Klein's dictionary explains the word this way:

ASPIRIN (pharm.)—A hybrid coinage made from the initial letters of the German chemical terms for acetyl and spiraeic acid, plus the suffix -in. Hence aspirin group means acetylsalicylic acid which is gained in 1 from the Spiraea Ulmaria that in a chemical way.

Rabbi Klein started work on his dictionary in Vienna in 1948, after he emerged from the Auschwitz and Dachau concentration camps and found his old congregation in Czechoslovakia dispersed. He is completing it in the cluttered study at Beth Yeshiah Synagogue in Toronto. The University of Toronto Press is considering the 1,000-page work for publication. Dr. Klein has no doubt that it will be favorably received. "I believe it will be a turning point in philology," he says, and every institution of learning and every serious scholar will be able to benefit from it.

LIESL DEUSCH

Next mission for the survival army: to survive

The third militia course to civil defense is now training 25,000 men to pick up the pieces after a nuclear attack. Before summer 100,000 more men plus another 40,000 in the regular militia are intended to be ready to take the responsibility for the survival of millions of Canadians if atomic war should come.

What are they learning in the four-six week courses. Marching and pistol shooting among other things, a fact that has aroused some derision from critics in the House of Commons. Of the 308 45-minute instruction periods, 48 are devoted to drill, 33 to physical training, 60 to nuclear defense and the remainder in such subjects as first aid, traffic control, map reading and personal hygiene. The public has one period a week.

Paul Hellyer of the Liberals called the force "a broomstick army" and added: "I am—t them now, out with their brooms, sweeping up the radioactive debris. Of course, I forgot one thing—they will all be dead." Army authorities reply that square-bashing and small arms drill aren't being taught just because the army always has taught them; they are the army's way of instilling discipline and the habit of obedience into a force of civilians. The essence of the course, they insist, is instruction in the nature of fallout and radiation protection from radiation for both victim and rescuer, decontamination and rescue procedure.

A more basic criticism is that most of the map-up militia whose chief assignment is to take charge of survival operations outside the devastated centres are apt to be among the victims themselves. More than half of those joined in date five or six cities like Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Niagara Falls which have been designated by the government as prime target areas.

Asked how the survival specialists would get to the peripheral areas where their task lies, an army spokesman said: "I'm blind. I can't answer that one."

Officials involved in the program—the first of its kind in the West (though Russia is reported to give nuclear survival drill to every able-bodied citizen)—admit its imperfections, but insist that with the funds available they are doing the most that can be done. Men who have taken the course seem to believe it will be useful. Of the 20,000 men who took the first course, nearly 7,000 volunteered for further training with the regular militia and 514 joined the permanent army. The rest returned to civilian life presumably not to be heard from again until the nuclear attack warning sounds. Army officials have no plans to keep tab on them but hope they will be on hand and remember what to do if the occasion arises.

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: The universities need much more aid, and they need it now

THE GOVERNMENT'S NEW PROPOSALS for aid to universities are generous enough and go far enough toward meeting the universities' current needs. But it may seem ungracious to say immediately that more is still needed. After all the original federal grant of one dollar per head of population has been doubled within ten years. If the universities still go on asking for more, people may begin to react as Mr. Bumble the beadle did to the impudent request of Oliver Twist.

It is either important to point out therefore that university needs are of two wholly different kinds. There is the burden of current operating expenses, and toward these the federal grants are a great and probably an adequate help. But there is also the capital requirements for expansion, and for these no federal aid at all is now available. The fifty million dollar fund that was set up when the Canada Council was created for capital grants to universities is fully allocated even if not yet fully spent, and even if another fifty million were available it would be insufficient. An amount closer to five hundred million will be needed for the enlargement of existing and the establishment of new universities to cope with the wave of war babies that is now about to descend on Canadian colleges. These boys and girls are already in school; if room is to be made for them in university on a scale to give them the same opportunities as elder brothers and sisters have had, the work of expanding the facilities of our universities must begin at once.

It is true, of course, that education is a provincial matter, and a harried minister of finance in Ottawa may be forgiven for thinking that provincial treasuries can afford to do a lot more. They always seem able to find the money for new four-lane highways; why can't they find more money for higher education?

Maybe they could. But if opportunities for the young are to be even approximately equal across Canada there must be some way of stimulating the richer and helping the poorer provinces to do their utmost and do it quickly. Federally guaranteed loans may be the answer, or joint grants on a dollar for dollar basis from another fund like the one that is now exhausted. The important thing, though, is that some such action be undertaken soon.

MAILBAG: Where was Canada when Europe's Jews needed asylum? / A job for Robert Goulet

On the cover of [illegible] This [illegible] announces that [illegible] seven [illegible] children who survived the Nazi death camps came to Canada [illegible] you proclaim this as the humanitarian act of the century. That you should consider it the humanitarian act of the century to have given asylum to some of those who [illegible] survivors, rather than to take it for granted that saving *all* of them was the least that anyone of all human could have done, and to imply as you [illegible] does imply, that Canada had something to do with the great humanitarian act [illegible] panoramic [illegible] sickening [illegible] in small how. When Hitler was still just a weak upstart in feared Western opinion of his plans for [illegible] people. Because, if this be agreed to [illegible] as many Jews as other countries would accept. One boatload of Jews actually left Germany and sailed from port to port seeking refuge. One country after the other refused them. But when France and Belgium finally granted these people asylum, but it was too late. The damage had been done. Hitler now knew that he could proceed with impunity. His Germans [illegible] and slaughtered six million more women and children. Where was Canada then, Canada did nothing then to offer to a country and to a Canadian I am ashamed of this unpleasant fact. Only after the war was Canadian Jews permitted to act in this matter, and then they were forced to act not as Canadians, but as Jews. And then they were allowed to bring into Canada *only* as many children as that privately could provide for both financially and with homes. Six million people died, and *only* 1,116 of the remaining 4,000 children were brought here — and with after independence suffering. Can just even begin to reveal to the horror of this situation? Your article starts off by saying: The fact that only 41,000 of the ravages escaped death is surely the most damning [illegible] was in store for the Jews of many unfortunately to note. What self-righteous blindness you were! Whose inhumanity are you referring to? The inhumanity of the madman Hitler? The inhumanity of the Nazi Germans many of them now returned to wealth and esteem power? The inhumanity of the same world that condoned and even sanctioned? Come on, the law punishes only the sane. Do you condemn only the insane? — MRS. ROSALIE SHAPIRO MONTREAL, QUEBEC

My colleagues on the Board of the Canadian Jewish Congress were delighted with the treatment of the stories on war orphans and instances. They related children. The welcome enemies Feb. 10). Apart from what are, in my opinion, two first-class pieces of journalism, does this article serve any purpose and, if it does, what is the purpose? Is it to answer on these two stirring chapters? To express my congratulations as well as thanks for the manner in which it was handled. SEE LETTERS TO EDITOR, THE CANADIAN JEWISH CONGRESS, MONTREAL

The $100,000 parcel

Re: The life and times of a hot property (Jan. 27). Judith Robarts talks about a struggle on $100,000 per year. If that is struggle, only unemployment itself should be fatal. [illegible] MRS. WINNETT



Pensions for the mentally disabled

I have been reading your excellent editorial [illegible] about which welfare measures we cannot afford. Feb. 10) and hoped you would mention the plight of a fairly large number of Canadians who need pensions fully as much as retired people do, but who are forced to rely on relatives or on public charity." I refer to the mentally handicapped, especially those in the middle age group whose parents are aging, ill, dead and who are prevented by their handicap from gaining a living. If no disabled persons pension is applied for, the answer is no, unless he is completely helpless. Welfare groups and governments are thinking about sheltered workshops and training schools. May they have the interest, encouragement and help of the general public — A FAST FAMILIAR NOTE

How to solve the old-car problem

I wholeheartedly agree with Ray Shipley [Why we should scrap 10-year-old cars, Dec. 16] and would gladly scrap my '51 Austin if he would be so kind as to confirm, by return mail, the small sum of $1,600. R. WOODCOCK ATHABASKA, ALTA.

The case of the other woman

I am interested to know your readers' reaction to McKenzie Porter's report on remarriage. Two couples [The Ironic Fail-wives, Jan. 27]. Likely you'll get too many to print. Either frustrated letters from the wives, happy letters from the common-law wives, sarcastic letters from indignant outsiders, serious letters from offenders or would-be offenders if they dared. Will your whole report have a lot of truth in it but it was presented in such a way as to limit the reach far the cause of the unmarried wives. A sensible, dignified view all we want. We don't mind sharing whatever we have with the ex-wife after all she has his name and can keep it even after a divorce. We have been living common law for four years but only because there is no other way. We have been in love for six years and he has been separated from his legal wife for eight years. (Before I met him.) Even though he has supported her faithfully she refuses to divorce him and sends the boys out to the country if he goes to see them. As long as the government champions the deserted wife it will go on and on. If the other [illegible] the man in support her a [illegible] she will. I'd like Porter [illegible] she would divorce him fast enough. But since there is no other way I will go on being the other woman until the end of time if the only man in the world for me has to have both a woman and a wife. I'd rather be the other woman any day and perhaps in most cases so would the legal wife. *The name of the author is withheld by request but is known to the editor.*

Still in flux

Since Dalhousie's election platform reported by Peter Newman [Flag fever at Ottawa, Feb. 27] I [illegible] think



so many goodies for the animalists it is surprising a flag has not been plumbed. But I suppose that is altogether too much to start [illegible]

Maybe our flag situation depicts the perpetual ego of the Imperial Mountie. Perhaps [illegible] instead. [illegible] Canada.—Editor.

Praise for Tommy Douglas' appraisal

Tommy Douglas as quoted by Peter C. Newman (Backstage in Ottawa, Tommy Douglas, first six months, Feb. 10) seems to have appraised the situation splendidly when he offered that many ministers will turn in the New Democratic Party through disgust first with the Liberals and then with the Conservatives, both of whom in my opinion have dismally failed to measure up to expectations. — [illegible] MONTREAL

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 7

[illegible] Department, Ottawa.



Good things to eat come in P★ *packages*



food for thought

Three [illegible] give a lot [illegible] It's our business [illegible] ety of foods and we try to provide those foods the way you want them. To keep us up to date with housewives' needs we have an able staff of dietitians and home economists. They're much like you: always stirring up new recipes and testing products in the kitchen (they prepare everything you see in Canada Packers' advertisements). They're quick to point out things they [illegible] cooking schools [illegible] consumer [illegible] This is one way we keep in touch [illegible] customers and keep on our toes to fulfill the P★ mark's pledge of finest quality to bringing you "good things to eat."

Did you know? Chicken pieces will brown more evenly if dipped in milk before flouring. Paprika added to seasoned flour (about 1 tablespoon for each cup of flour used) will give chicken a richer colour but no flavour.

CANADA P★ PACKERS
FINEST IN EVERY QUALITY



"Mommie—how many days till I'm well?"

A plaintive, familiar question—asked by every youngster who's bouncing back after having had a bout of illness.

Fortunately, this little patient won't be in bed as long as she might have been because her mother—*a competent home nurse*—is perfectly capable of doing just what the doctor ordered.

Sooner or later there's sickness in every family. Often it's brief and not too serious. Sometimes it's long and complicated. In either case, the patient will get along better if someone in the family knows home nursing.

What's more...if a member of the family is sufficiently well trained in nursing care, the physician—who might otherwise be inclined to send the patient to the hospital—may favor home care. Or, if hospital care is necessary, it may be shortened when there's someone at home upon whom the doctor can rely to follow his instructions during the getting well period.

Physicians agree that many sick people feel happier, more comfortable and secure at home—and this often hastens recovery. Moreover, hospital care is expensive and beds are needed for those patients who require intensive medical and nursing attention.

So, a competent home nurse can often help reduce the cost of sickness by making hospitalization unnecessary—or by shortening its duration.

No family should be without a member who is familiar with home nursing. You can prepare yourself for this important duty in courses offered by the St. John Ambulance Association and the Canadian Red Cross. You can also learn the basic essentials of home nursing on your own—with the help of Metropolitan's *Home Nursing Handbook*.

This easy-to-follow, illustrated guide tells how to prepare the sickroom, how to handle your patient's emotional needs, how to give medicines, apply dressings, prepare meals and assist your doctor in many other ways.

Return the coupon below for your free copy.

COUPON MAY BE PASTED ON POSTCARD

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Canadian Head Office (Dept. D W)
Ottawa 4, Can. 60

Please send me the free booklet "Home Nursing Handbook." M32

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

Metropolitan Life

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
Canadian Head Office, Ottawa 4, Ontario

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE — MARCH 10, 1962 — VOLUME 75 — NUMBER 5

CONTENTS

A MODERN MANUAL OF CIVIC CORRUPTION — Allan Phillips 18
Can government really be held together only by what a U.S. president once called "the cohesive power of public plunder"? In Canada—certainly on the municipal level—the answer seems to be yes. This is a national review of the methods used by men in local office to finagle private fortunes from the public purse.

THE HIDDEN KINGDOM OF B. C.'S ONLY TERRORISTS — Ralph Allen 14
The Sons of Freedom recently have been burning and bombing as furiously as ever but surprisingly some have also been confessing. From their mountain hideout and the hazy court in Nelson, Maclean's contributing editor reports on this winter's changes in "the perpetual mystery story of the Doukhobors."

THE PRIZE TROPHIES OF A WILD FLOWER HUNTER — Photo story by Gaze Allman 12
The brilliance and fragility of the flowers of three seasons in the forests, fields and marshlands of central Canada. Four pages of color photographs by Maclean's art director.

THE THINKING MACHINES — Ian Sclanders 28
Most scientists believe electronic computers are history's most efficient slaves, the forerunners of unimaginable prosperity; others think they're Frankenstein monsters. Whoever is right, the superbrains are already affecting our lives in scores of ways we've scarcely heard about.

NOTES AFTER TWO MONTHS AS A FAVORED GUEST IN CUBA — William Eccles 11
Cuba's program to export revolution.

This Canadian passed as one of the "invitados"—the Latin American communists and sympathizers who went Castro has done and he hear how they too can do it at home. Few have had as intimate a look at the perverted religious fervor and the international motives of revolutionary Cuba.

Ladies' day in Cuba — William Eccles 14
Before Castro, Cuban women were beautiful but retiring in the Spanish tradition. They're still beautiful but now they're free—to wear boots, tote guns, wield power and grow their hair as wildly as their men grow beards.

HOW WADE HAMPTON FOUND HIS FEET—OR CRUTCHES — Shirley Muir 28
Hampton's playing career ended when polio left him in a wheelchair. Ten years later, he's the president, manager and controversial promoter of a manufacturing firm that employs 50 handicapped workers and won't hire anybody who isn't handicapped. And he's walking—on the crutches his firm makes.

THERE'S MORE IN WRINKERS THAN MEETS THE EYE — McKenzie Porter 26
For 22 years the "lipside mess" on Porter's upper lip has been mysteriously shaping and reshaping itself. At last—with the help of an army psychologist—he has learned about the strange power and real meaning of a mustache.

DEPARTMENTS

		JASPER	34		
PREVIEW	1	BACKGROUND	51	U. S. REPORT	58
COMMENT	2	BACKSTAGE	52	ENTERTAINMENT	54

Editor BLAIR FRASER. *Contributing Editor* RALPH ALLEN. *Managing Editor* KEN LEFOLII. *Associate Editor* SIDNEY KATZ. *Articles Editor* ERIC HUTTON. *Ottawa Editor* PETER C. NEWMAN. *Overseas Editor* LESLIE F. HANNON. *Washington Editor* IAN SCLANDERS. *Quebec Editor*... PETER GZOWSKI. *Art Director* GENE ALLMAN. *Photo Editor* DON NEWLANDS. *Art Assistant* KENNETH ELLIOTT. RALPH TIERLES. *Production Editor*... N. D. BONISTEEL. *Preview Editor* DAVID LEWIS STEIN. *Staff Writers* BARBARA MOON, MCKENZIE PORTER. *Assistant Editor*... HARRY BRUCE. *Editorial Assistants* JOAN ALLEN, HONOR CONNYCASTLE, SHIRLEY MAIR, HAYLE QUINN, JOAN WEATHERSTON, BARBARA WEST.

Publisher F. G. BRANDON. *Advertising Sales Mgr.*... R. K. STEWART. *Circulation Mgr.* GORDON RUMGAY. *Quality Control Manager* R. F. MACKENZIE. *Advertising Production Manager* W. D. MCKEEVEN. *Vice president, Magazines Division* C. J. LAURIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

CREDITS are listed, left to right, top to bottom. 6 to 9 Jane Mears / 12, Ron Newlands. 14, Bob Hartington. top, Allan Stevenson. 15, Bob Hartington / 18-19, Hans Adamis / 21-25, William Lewis / 26, 27 Don Newlands.

Maclean's is published every other Saturday by the Maclean Hunter Publishing Company Limited, Floyd S. Chalmers, president; Gerald F. Maine, Vice President and Managing Director, Toronto, Canada. Ltd. Executive, Advertising, Montreal Office, 1411 Crescent Street; Winnipeg, 1661 West Seventh St.; U.S.A. Manager, Maclean Hunter Publishing Corporation, 369 Madison Ave., New York 17; British Manager, Maclean Hunter Limited, 3 Gough Square, London E.C.4. Subscription rates: one year $5.00; two years $8.00; three years $10.00. All other countries $6.00 per year. Authorized as second class mail for the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Copyright 1962 by Maclean Hunter Publishing Company Limited. Unsolicited manuscripts, letters pertaining to Maclean's or its contents should be addressed to the editor. Contributors may not be reimbursed without written permission. All manuscripts submitted must be accompanied by self-addressed return envelopes and sufficient postage. While the publishers will take all reasonable care, they will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscripts, drawings or photographs.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

To avoid missing copies, please send your change of address at least two weeks before you move, to:

Subscription Dept.,
Maclean's Magazine
481 University Ave.,
Toronto 2, Ont.

giving us both your old and new addresses and—if possible—an address label from one of your copies.



Purser Pickle and two stewardesses from the P&O Orient's British pursers have much service time on the runs. Photograph by Tom Ruthyen.

How to explore the last unspoiled lands in the world on P&O-Orient Lines—for as little as $17 a day

Why not run away to sea—and actually save money? It costs you less a day to see faraway ports and exotic places on one of these great ocean liners than you'd pay in a resort hotel. You'll be soothed and restored by sunny skies, calm seas and friendly British service. For details, mail coupon below.

WHO says sea voyages are expensive? Your fare to the Orient, South Pacific, Europe—or round the world—starts at just $17 a day on P&O Orient Lines. Complete with meals and entertainment. Genial British service included. Sunny skies, exotic. Calm seas, free of charge.

Now let us tell you what you paid on your last land-locked vacation. The rate just for your room was probably $12 to $25 a day. *Plus* meals, tips, travel, entertainment. Daily tab—from $30 up. Just to stay home.

First plot your course

Look at the map below. It shows P&O-Orient's ports of call in six continents.

Why not leave winter behind you—by taking a seagoing holiday in the breeze-soothed South Pacific? The fare to Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand and Australia and back runs from $740 to $3556. Or sail to Japan, Hong Kong and Manila. Round trip to Japan and Hong Kong cost? From just $796 to $3708.

A trip from the West Coast to Europe by way of the South Pacific starts at just $692, by way of the Orient at just $678. (You can also visit your trip in Europe and come home by way of the Pacific.)

Or how about roaming your way round the entire world? You can do it on P&O-Orient for as little as $1044.

Pick your ship—choose your class

Nine of P&O-Orient's passenger liners sail from the West Coast to the South Pacific, Orient and Europe. You can pick one to fit your own mood. And there's a British crewman for every two passengers!

If money's no object, you can go first class. The service and food are in the Continental manner. You'll get to Europe so thoroughly spoiled you'll be the bane of waiters in every great hotel.

If you're watching your budget, you can go by P&O Orient's famous tourist class.

Whichever way you go, you'll meet fascinating people from every part of the world.

When to run away to sea—and sunshine

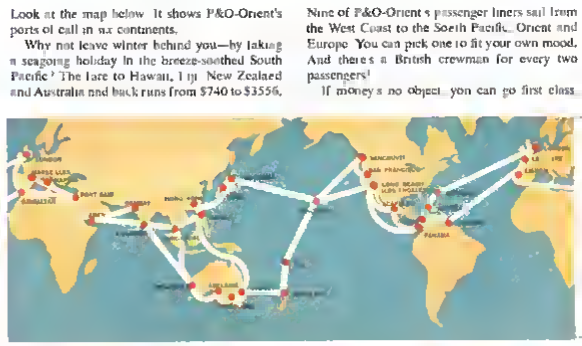
Any season assures calm cruising in these sunny southern seas. For instance, while Canada is whipleshed by winter, October through April is spring and summertime in Australia, New Zealand and the South Pacific.

This topsy-turvy weather system makes for happy sailing.

For example, you can leave Vancouver in the dead of winter, find summer in the South Pacific and arrive in England in spring weather. Mad but pleasant!

See your travel agent soon. He's your knowing friend—and most willing accomplice—when you plan to run away to sea.

P&O-Orient Lines, Vancouver. Elsewhere, Canada Canard Line, General Passenger Agents. All rates subject to exchange.



P&O Orient Lines Dept. 9 B
405 Granville Street, Vancouver 2, B.C.

Yes. Please send me detailed literature on your Vacation Voyages for 1962.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

My Travel Agent is _____



I was one jump ahead of calamity on Norway's snowless ski-jump

1. "Racing down a slope at 30 miles an hour is quite tingling even for a ski-jumping buff like me," writes Peter Thyness, a friend of Canadian Club. "In Norway's snowless ski-jump ... But right there comes a really hair raising twist.



2. "The slope was frightening fast. I realized ... that speed was surely moving ...



3. "In a dizzying drop below ... Right then I decided to wait for snow for my next jump!

4. "I made for shore ... the lightest whisky in the world ... Try Canadian Club tonight.

In 87 lands "The Best in the House"

Canadian Club

A DISTINGUISHED PRODUCT OF

HIRAM WALKER

AND SONS LIMITED

DISTILLERS OF FINE WHISKIES FOR OVER 100 YEARS

Why we all share the blame for man's blackest crime

Is it cowardice that keeps our divorce law so tough?

Thank you for your article, The Redeemed Children (Feb 10). This is a grim reminder that man's blackest crime was not committed in the dark ages by barbarians but in our own time by a supposedly civilized cultured people. In a way we are all to blame. We allowed it to happen ... Today we are busily engaged in re-arming the very people whose hands are stained with the blood of the innocent millions.—LEW ISANY, SYDNEY, N.S.

✔ Allow me to thank you for The Redeemed Children by Sidney Katz. It made me so proud of Canada. It will strengthen our national resolve never, never to allow Germany to get the upper hand again.—GLENDA O'CONNOR, VANCOUVER

✔ I was delighted to see myself on the cover of your February 10 issue. Reading the article I remembered the trip to Canada with all my friends. The Redeemed Children. I also remember my feeling and the impressions we were trying to form from our first glimpse of the Canadian shore (we arrived in Halifax in May 1948). The first person I saw I was amazed to find looked just like any man I had seen before. I had an image of Canadians as being very tall. I suppose it was because I had heard that Canada was a very big country. I thought that maybe you and your readers would like to know what happened to me since I came to Canada. There are many things I could write about but the most important thing was that when I came to Canada I was placed in a good home and went to school until I met and married my husband. We now have three wonderful children.—MRS. SAMUEL FORSTER, QUEBEC, P.Q.

The results of our divorce laws

McKenzie Porter's fine piece on The Unmarried Wives (Jan 27) shows well the tragic result of our too difficult divorce laws ... Our legislators being no dumber than anyone else but only more cowardly know the need but count the cost in votes and so do nothing (except only the two members who tried to force reform and the few who supported them).—ELTON A. ANDERSON, MANSON'S LANDING, B.C.

The hard life of salmon

The author of Food Forecast: Billions of Assembly-Line Salmon (Feb 10) should have done some ichthyological homework. Mr. Karsten Vik claims to have "exploded the myth that salmon can breed only once in two to five years" and to "have proved that they can breed every year in succession for five years at least and maybe more." Perhaps there is such a myth in Norway but in British Columbia, where the Vik process of artificial rearing is planned to be of particular interest, the five species of commercially important Pacific salmon all invariably die after spawning once. The steelhead (trout of the Pacific (also relative of the Atlantic salmon" which is presumably referred to) has always managed to breed every year without benefit of Mr. Vik. The statement that in British Columbia "The salmon commission has conducted long experiments to induce salmon to breed below dams instead of above them" is wrong. In fact the sockeye salmon must spend its first year or two in the open waters of a lake which is less likely to be found below than above a dam. As for the economic benefit of rearing salmon in man-made pools of water treated by secret chemicals (and presumably fed by man) instead of in the open sea, I offer the following:

Salmon be nimble, salmon be quick
Or you'll be spawned by Mr. Vik.
Your young, confined in secret potion
Will languish for the open ocean.
For Mr. Vik's so quick and nimble
He raises guppies in a thimble.

—C. C. LINDSEY, VANCOUVER

The other side of the coin

Your article Form Chart on Hobbies (Jan 27) opens up with a boost for a U.S. coin publication and completely ignores the Canadian Numismatic Journal,



now in its seventh year, and the official publication of the second largest coin organization in the world—the Canadian Numismatic Association.—G. R. L. POTTER, PAST PRESIDENT, CANADIAN NUMISMATIC ASSOCIATION, OTTAWA

In defense of West Indian immigrants

George Lamming's article West Indians: Our Loneliest Exiles (Nov 4, 1961) was most inspiring. I was indeed happy to see such an article appear and the author should be complimented. J. Munro's criticism (Jan 27) was most unjustified and personally I think that he is quite selfish. Being a West Indian myself, I know that those wishing to migrate particularly from Trinidad and Barbados are neither illiterate nor unskilled.—MRS. A. RUFFIN, MONTREAL

The disadvantage of the CBC

In his View from the U.S. Wasteland—the CBC Looks Fine (Jan 27) Ian Sclanders failed to note the advantage of U.S. TV: it takes only about two hours watching a week whereas when visiting Montreal I spend too much time watching the CBC.—OR. R. C. LANSDELL, BETHESDA, MARYLAND

✔ That was an amusing article by Ian Sclanders. I believe that what culture the CBC has contributed to the country has been very expensively paid for. I am quite sure that if I had put the extra taxes I have paid for the CBC into commercial theatre tickets and supported other mediums of culture I would be so intellectual by now that I wouldn't dream of writing this letter.—MRS. PETER MAIER, REGINA

Continued overleaf

Across Canada, it's time for

WESTCLOX





Big Ben *Golden Dial*

The world's best known alarm clock makes a handsome gift ... golden ... dial ... adjustable loud soft bell alarm ... gleaming bronze finish case ... shatterproof crystal ... luminous dial and hands ... quiet tick $10.95

Other Big Bens from $8.95



Belfast *electric*—striking design ... large numerals ... easy to read from any angle ... deluxe size—8" diameter. Front hand set, sweep second hand. Flash signalling. Three attractive colours—White, Yellow and Nutmeg $8.98



New!

Aspen *electric* **alarm**

modern slim line styling ... raised gold colour numerals ... matching hands ... sweep alarm indicator ... sweep second hand ... luminous dial and hands ... $3\frac{1}{2}$" wide. Choice of Autumn White, Beige, Seaspray Green $8.98

WESTCLOX

World's Largest Maker of Watches and Clocks



WHAT'S THE "INSTALMENT PLAN" WAY TO SAVE FOR A

RAINY DAY?

To make sure unforeseen problems never catch you without money in the bank, you need a long-range savings program you can stick to. Personal Security Program, or PSP—exclusive with The Bank of Nova Scotia—puts this kind of saving on a simple "instalment plan" basis. Here's how PSP works: you select a savings goal (between $100 and $2,500) and agree to reach it in 50 equal payments. As you save, you're life-insured for the full amount of your goal—at no added cost to you. It's a *protected* savings plan. Then, when you reach your goal, you collect all you've saved, *plus* a cash bonus. PSP also helps you save for other long-range projects—a trip abroad, or a wedding. Ask about PSP at your nearest Scotiabank.

Scotia BANK
THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

MORE THAN 600 OFFICES ACROSS CANADA AND ABROAD

MAILBAG *continued from page 7*

A socialist solution to what's wrong with our bosses

Does the coon hunter's code consider the coon?

The gist of Ralph Allen's article on Canadian business

If it the best that's wrong with Canada in business? Jan 27) was that greater individual efficiency is necessary for Canada to compete successfully in a "tougher competitive market." His is considered thrift winning markets from competitors may also be equivalent loss in markets to those competitors and to jobs to the workers they employ? Genuine socialism as defined by the Socialist Labor Party is the solution to this problem.—JAMES NUNAT SOUTH BURNABY B.C.

The rights of mao

I was sorry to read that no association for hunting coons has been formed in Canada. (The hard and fast code of Creedee coon hunters Feb 10) I shall never be able to forget the screams of terror that I heard last summer in the middle of the night when a coon had been pursued by our neighbors hounds. What gives men the right to inflict such suffering on any creature simply for sport?—MRS. FREDA BRENNER OWEN SOUND ONT.

Conclusions for In High Places

I would like to commend you on your publication of In High Places (Jan. 6 Jan 27 Feb 10). It is a thought provoking novel and to let it have reached the following conclusions that honestly and sincerely do not belong to the make up of a successful politician whatever his party: that newspapers and periodicals bear a load of responsibility far greater perhaps, than even they realize and that in the final analysis we are probably getting what we deserve. The situation will not improve until we produce men big enough to publicly admit then task impossible without God's guidance. For a Christian nation we have remarkably little about God in our government. Do the politicians not believe in Him any more?—JOHN BROOKE, CELISTA B.C.

✒ Thank you for publishing the fascinating and thought provoking, novel by Arthur Hailey, In High Places. It seems to me that Canada has perhaps produced its own prophet at home.—JOHN MONAGHAN PENTICTON B.C.

✒ The young Vancouver lawyer is too good to be true. I have met several Vancouver lawyers in my time and never have I come across such a noble opposition as Mr. Hailey's Alec Mailland.—I. GRAVES VANCOUVER

✒ Arthur Hailey is careful not to pin party labels on the characters in his political novel, In High Places. It is impossible to ascertain whether Prime Minister Howden is a Liberal in a Conservative. The same ideological anonymity cloaks opposition leader Dealtry as well as all the other political figures in the story. It is indicative of the extent to which Liberal and Tory policies have merged that a major novel about Canadian politics can be successfully dealt politicians of both parties without receiving their affiliations.—H. LINN JR. CORNER BROOK NEWFOUNDLAND

✒ I was surprised after reading the first instalment of Arthur Hailey's book, In High Places to see from his photo that he is still a fairly young man. I had formed a clear picture of him as a thereby old literary figure of the late 19th century. Mr. Hailey's characters are, from Victorian England. The book itself reads in fact like Victorian melodrama. There is an attempt to lend Ottawa and parliament an aura of glamor and high drama, whereas in fact Ottawa is as dry as dust and bourgeois as the hill. Mr. Hailey is a competent craftsman. He fashions his characters with the skill of a puppet maker and they are as real-puppetty as an antimacassar. I read his book for laughs.—GRAHAM B. SLAT MONTREAL

✒ Americans and Canadians both need a rude awakening to the seriousness of world conditions.—W. A. ROWAT TAMPA FLORIDA

The evil effects of welfare

I have seldom read such a dangerous editorial (Let's be clear about which welfare payments we can't afford Feb 10) in a responsible magazine. The



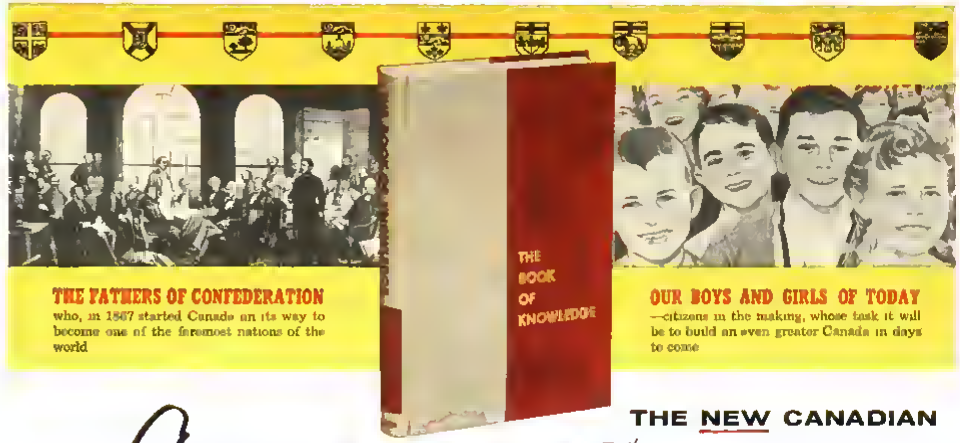
economic future is indeed bleak if we cannot reduce our costs sufficiently to meet foreign competition. I believe the only way to reduce costs is to reduce taxes. How can this be done if welfare spending increases? While society recognizes extreme responsibilities such as old age assistance is not all welfare merely a legalized way of stealing other people's property?—JOHN R. HURST PAYNE VANCOUVER.

✒ Permit me to commend you on the method in which you portrayed the present political atmosphere while dealing with the subjects important at this time.—H. C. SORENSON EDMONTON

✒ Political expediency is a stronger force in the advancement of our welfare benefits than is humanitarianism. This fact alone should cause us to be wary of accepting every proposal for additions to our social progress. Enlightened public opinion is the true measure of what we can afford in welfare legislation.—ALEC J. LIWLENCE PRINCE ALBERT

After Saskatchewan, the world

I noted that the Parade item. To each his own (Feb 27) described a humorous error in an editorial report. We have had several good laughs over it since the report appeared over a year ago. But I couldn't resist writing to point out the error in your story. It is the Saskatchewan Department of Natural Resources, not "Natural resources" as reported.—J. W. CHRISTIAN REGINA ★



THE FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION
who, in 1867 started Canada on its way to become one of the foremost nations of the world

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS OF TODAY
—citizens in the making, whose task it will be to build an even greater Canada in days to come

Announcing THE NEW CANADIAN 50th ANNIVERSARY EDITION OF

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

The Child's Answer Book to Every Question . . . The Magic Key to the Wisdom of the World

The Fathers of Confederation founded the Canada of Today

Your Children will build the Canada of Tomorrow

They need this book to help fit them for the task . . . a book crammed with information on Canada . . . with stories of Canadian achievements . . . descriptions of Canada's great resources . . . explanations of her problems, her government, her place in the world.

Here is a work written by Canadians for Canadians . . . for the leaders of tomorrow. TODAY THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE IS A NATIONAL INSTITUTION . . . THE HERITAGE OF EVERY CANADIAN BOY AND GIRL.

THE ONLY MAJOR REFERENCE WORK PRINTED AND BOUND ENTIRELY IN CANADA

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE is an entirely Canadian Production—printed in Canada, on Canadian paper by Canadian workmen, and bound with Canadian materials.

THE NEW CANADIAN 50th ANNIVERSARY EDITION

Is filled with articles by distinguished Canadian Contributors, each a recognized authority in his respective field.

MAIL THE PREPAID POSTCARD FOR **FREE SOUVENIR BOOK**
"The Story of Canada's Freedoms"
(See description below)

It may well result in providing your children with one of the greatest educational advantages available.

Learning can be fun with THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

It provides an easy climb up 18 fascinating steps of learning

It deals not only with Canada but with the entire world . . . with man's life in it and the stars beyond it . . . with the making of a match and the development of atomic power . . . with a story of earthworms and the plays of Shakespeare.

The 18 great Departments of THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE are designed to attract and interest the child mind. They are based on long and thorough study of children's needs, yet constantly revised and brought up to date the articles profusely illustrated and written in language that every child can understand.



For Fifty Years this remarkable work has truly proved itself to be "The Children's Encyclopedia"

The New Canadian 50th ANNIVERSARY EDITION of the BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE surpasses all previous editions



Every Canadian Boy and Girl will thrill to the story of Canada's Growth as it unfolds in these Colourful Pages.

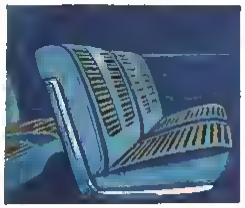
FREE!
FOR YOUR BOY OR GIRL

This beautiful 128 page book illustrates in full colour the various flags of the Commonwealth of Nations.

To celebrate this unique publishing event we offer a beautiful 28 page Book entitled "THE STORY OF CANADA'S FREEDOMS". The front cover, reproduced in full colour, depicts the Admiral Bearing, and Canada while on the back, also in colour—are reproduced the various flags of the Commonwealth of Nations. Inside is the complete illustrated story of the Charters of our Liberties taken from the pages of the New Canadian 50th Anniversary Edition of "THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE". This unique Book which also illustrates the Coats-of-Arms and Emblems of Canada's Provinces.



Where there's fun there's Pontiac! Crisp, clean lines — from twin-scoop grille to cleanly curving taillights. Generous dimensions give you room to stretch and relax—plenty of hiproom, headroom and legroom. Rock-steady, glide-smooth Pontiac ride—and up front you've an eager engine that's ready to give the wind the hrush-off! What's more there's scads of room in Pontiac's deep-well trunk—almost 30 cu. ft! Let your Pontiac dealer put you on the right tack today!

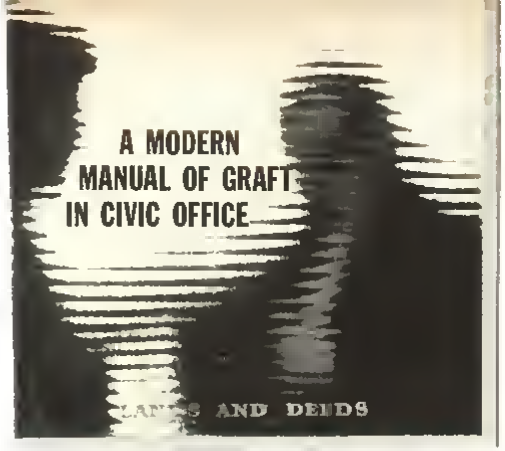






PONTIAC

on the right tack for pleasure!



CORRUPTION

In city after city across Canada, men in public office are found guilty of breach of trust on what the writer calls "honest graft" In this, the most respectable, safest and most lucrative of all larcenous worlds, these are only the cases we know about **A national report by ALAN PHILLIPS**

THERE IS AN INEXPLICABLE CONSPIRACY of silence among the authors of books on making money No one mentions municipal politics Yet selling the dispensation of public office, more commonly known as breach of trust is that ideal enterprise where demand is as stable as human greed, where profits are high and tax-exempt, risk and overhead are low, and prospects based on the lush green past, stretch limitless into the future

By 1980 if present trends continue, our cities will double and triple in size Growth will force land prices upward New buildings will need insurance New people will need more policemen and firemen more taxis and service stations Councils will call for contracts for sewers, watermains, street-paving, hospitals, schools And the men who decide who gets the contracts, permits jobs and insurance, who decide what buildings go where — these men hold keys to the public treasury

Breach of trust falls into two classes "honest graft" and "conflict of interest" The first is most profitable in Quebec, where open political braggandry appears to carry little if any stigma. The total take is, unfortunately, untabulated But as in pre-Victorian England, where £4,000 bought a seat in parliament, civic dishonesty in Quebec is like basic science reassuringly fixed and known "Ten percent on a contract, that's reasonable," says a parish priest "Twenty to twenty-five percent, that's bad!" A former suburban mayor, campaigning for return election (to in office he'd lost when convicted of corruption), seemed to think it would advance his cause to claim, publicly, that his successor was charging $400 to $500 for taxi permits, and $500 to $1,000 for jobs on the police force In Montreal North a contractor balked at paying $3,000 for a permit for a gas station Council refused him the permit. He sued and collected CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



Mike Bayoff, above, got ten years on dynamiting charges. His surprising confession and apology led to the confessions. Below, in the Freedomites' shacktown capital, a mini greeting is often carry a suicide to the cemetery



RALPH ALLEN'S STRANGE JOURNEY TO

THE HIDDEN KINGDOM OF B.C.'S HOLY TERRORISTS

The 3,000 Sons of Freedom may be losing their grip on 9,000 more peaceful Doukhobors. Recently, some have confessed to bombings, one even apologized. Maclean's contributing editor visited their mountain "capital", sat in on the terrorism trials in Nelson, and dined with a man who's "been to Heaven once already." Here is his account

IN ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN SATIRES in English literature Samuel Butler wrote nearly a hundred years ago about a hidden mountain valley where a tribe of mystics lived under laws, beliefs and customs so strange and elusive that even the true believers never fully understood them. Amid snow-capped peaks, pine forests and clear, rushing streams they sought to follow the murky teachings of a long dead leader who alone had been in direct and constant touch with God. They attached no guilt to crime but were obsessed by a sense of sin. They despised education and fought a violent but inconclusive war against all material possessions. They were vegetarians but many of them ate meat with furtive gusto. They were forbidden to kill even the tiniest creature but flirted constantly with and sometimes achieved murder. Their earliest origins were so much in dispute that some people thought they were the descendants of the Lost Tribes of Israel.

Samuel Butler called his mountain valley Erewhon, which is approximately Nowhere spelled backwards.

There's a real-life Erewhon in Canada — a place where the fantasies Butler had to invent have been for more than fifty years an everyday fact and the real fantasy begins where his inventions left off.

Canada's Nowhere-spelled-backwards lies in a patch of southern British Columbia five hundred miles east of Vancouver, under the western lee of the Selkirk Mountains and strung in jeweled disarray along the Kootenay, Slocan, Kettle and Columbia Rivers. This is the heart of the Doukhobor country. Within its indistinct boundaries, lodged among a hundred thousand non-Doukhobor neighbors, dwell 12,000 people whose peasant forebears came to Canada at the turn of the century to escape the harsh authority of their mother Russia. Today, after an incredible three generations of defiance and struggle against the—to them—equally harsh authority of their stepmother Canada, the 9,000 B.C. Doukhobors who call themselves Orthodox or Independent have arrived at a peaceful if still uneasy settlement with their country of adoption. Most of them pay their taxes, as for many years they did not. They no longer refuse to register their births and deaths. They contract for marriage legally and send their children willingly to school. They accept and use the right to vote. They still claim for themselves and their descendants the exemption from military service which an immigrant-hungry Canada held out as a main inducement in bringing their ancestors here.

THE INNER VOICE IS "UNPREHISTABLE"

But the Orthodox and Independent Doukhobors have renounced long since the nude parades, the bombings and burnings of houses, barns, schools, meeting halls and even whole villages that have made their name a symbol at worst of stark terrorism and at best of tragicomic lunacy.



Allen, right, watches melee outside Nelson court

The other B.C. Doukhobors — the 3,000 members of a radical sect called the Sons of Freedom—have come to no such accommodation with their country or their times. They still consider themselves, in the admiring phrase of Count Leo Tolstoy, a special breed of "Christian anarchists." Each man is a law unto himself and lives by the promptings of an inner voice. The voice may tell him to burn his own or anyone else's house, to tear off his clothes in public, to dynamite a railway bridge or a power line, or to follow almost any other impulse. He may choose to obey the inner voice or, on the other hand, he may not, just as he may or may not obey the voices of his prophets.

It was in obedience to the most massive of the prophets, Peter the Lordly Verigin, that 8,000 of the Doukhobors whose name translates as Spirit Wrestlers arrived at the painful decision to leave Russia and, in 1899, begin their trek to western Canada. It was in obedience to old Peter's brawling, boozing, wenching, ruffianly son and successor, Peter the Purger, that the Freedomites accepted the prophecy that they must depart from Canada after forty years. It was the Purger who told them God had willed they should emigrate through the jails. To those who took the second Peter at his word breaking the law became a duty.

It was in obedience to their current prophet, a bearded Ukrainian wanderer named Stefan Sveshevich Sorokin, that they gave Sorokin $97,000 of their

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

The PRIZE TROPHIES of a WILD FLOWER HUNTER

THREE BRILLIANT SEASONS UNDERFOOT IN THE FIELDS WOODS AND MARSHES OF CENTRAL CANADA



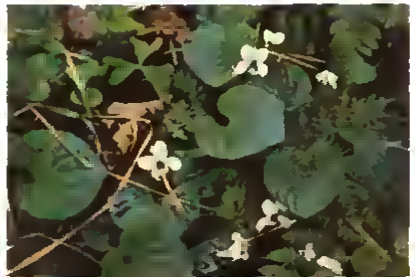


Spring

PICTURES BY GENE ALIMAN TEXT BY BARBARA MOON

As anyone who has picked a cornflower can tell you, wild flowers are one form of wildlife that pretty much can't be brought back alive. Conscious of this Gene Aliman, Maclean's art director (and father of the young lady at the left), has been busy making camera studies of the commoner sorts in the field.

Photographically speaking, he bagged his first one only two years ago. It was a palely sprouting parasite called Indian pipe, or corpse-plant, which



exfiltrates almost overnight from rotting compost and lives only briefly. Under the circumstances cynics have been known to hint that no such plant exists. So when Aliman happened upon one in a remote northern Ontario swamp he impulsively snapped its picture for the record. Before he knew it his blood



was up, and he was braving thorn, fen and bee to search for other trophies.

Like many another white hunter, he is interested less in rare species than in prize specimens. "Wild flowers get eaten by bugs, beaten by rain, stepped on by cows," he says with the authentic zeal of the sportsman. "Part of the fun is to see some flower you want for your collection, but walk by this particular bloom because it's not good enough, then



when you find a beautiful specimen it's a *discovery*."

Part of the fun is also, apparently, to lie rump-up in a bed of violets beating off blackflies while waiting for a playful wind to drop — and later to discover that those tendrils there among the violet leaves were poison ivy. (See if *you* can spot them.)



Summer

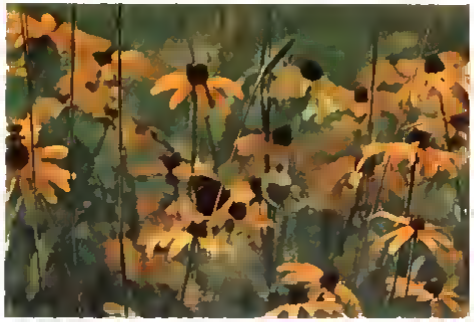
A man whose botanical savvy still doesn't rise much above the vague notion that he's got "tulips and things" in his city garden, photographer Allman freely admits that, to him, a garden flower is a flower growing in a garden, a wild flower is a flower growing wild and a weed is either of them when it's a nuisance.

As it happens the scholars, if pressed, say that's about the size of it. Academically speaking, a rose reverts to savagery if it's abandoned and even a black-eyed Susan must be considered tame if someone's put a ring of whitewashed stones around it. As for weeds, Dr. James Soper, University of Toronto botanist, says, "Any plant is potentially a pest and therefore a weed." He cites a prized Oriental gingko tree at Harvard: it got itself quickly and accurately reclassified a local weed one spring when hundreds of tiny gingko treelets were discovered to be thrusting up through the equally prized formal flower beds with impudent zest.



Weeds or not, about 12,000 kinds of flowering plants grow wild in North America and almost 6,000 of them can be found in Canada. Some are native, some are so-called "garden escapes," some came as stowaways in pioneer seed bags. Many of them are beautiful and a few are even useful: teasel is widely used in carding wool. Of the Canadian total, Allman has so far made portraits of about one hundred and fifty.









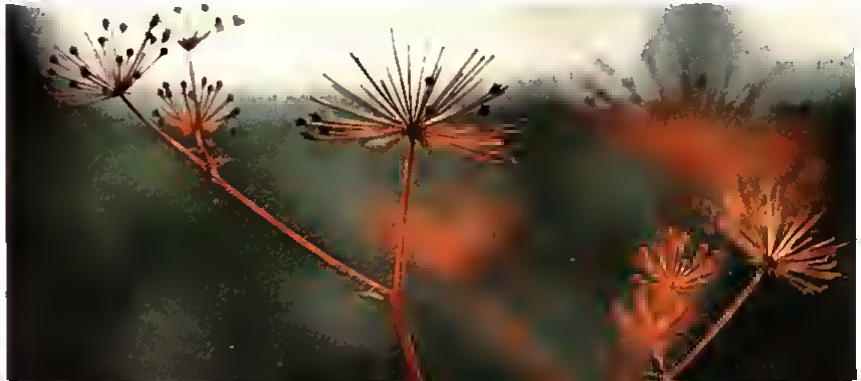
Autumn



Allman intends his trophies to be a far cry from the standard botanical record of uprooted plant splayed upon brown paper. Instead he has attempted studies that will duplicate his own moments of private discovery in tramps through fields and woods. Some are startled close-ups: the crisp, translucent flesh of a perfect jack-in-the-pulpit growing high on a boulder, or the secret flamboyance of the tiny jewelweed. Some are impressionist: buttercups in the wind, a smear of blithe summer yellow against summer green. A number — especially toward fall — are abstracts: flower skeletons or dry pods, or the mottle-patterns of dying leaves, like metal-foil paper. A few are subjective comments: poisonous bitter nightshade berries, rotten-ripe and tempting, or an elegiac mass of purple asters stained by afterglow.

But sportingly — or scientifically — Allman forgoes artistic license. "It's probably foolish," he says, "but I won't change around anything in nature to make a picture. I take exactly what I find." *





The incredible things

THE THINKING MACHINES

are doing for us—and to us

Can electronic computers think? Well enough, in their own way, to change our world. Space flight, the cold war, and production lines without men already depend on calculations they make at the speed of light. Tomorrow, better and faster computers may change the way we make laws, treat disease, and educate our children

BY IAN SCLANDERS

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING happening in the world these days: the thing that will bring forth the greatest changes, may easily turn out to be the astounding evolution of the electronic computer and many dawning discovery of how to use it to improve his life. The familiar electronic "brain" of countless newspaper items, the whirring and flashing election night television performer that predicts final results from scattered early returns, is already leading us toward better health and education and tremendous new achievements in science. It is also lending, in the opinion of many and perhaps most economists, toward shorter hours and higher earnings: undreamed of leisure and abundance. But there are dissenters who warn bleakly that it could cost millions of us our jobs. Whether the optimists or the pessimists are right, we are plainly entering an age of computers.

While these devices were first used a generation ago, their dazzling versatility and incredible new tricks have distracted us from their real meaning in terms of human history.

Most of us still find it hard to comprehend—and harder to believe—what computers can do. They can, for example, see read type print. They are learning to understand oral instructions and to talk. They can translate languages, play chess, compose music of a sort, and in half a minute solve an equation on the movement of the moon so difficult that it would keep a brilliant mathematician busy for years.

THEY ELIMINATE WORK MIRACULOUSLY, BUT ...

One of them smoothed John F. Kennedy's path to the White House, by analyzing the wishes of the voters, and during the shopping rush last Christmas in department stores in the American cities of Philadelphia and Dallas and the Japanese city of Nagoya, you could ask computers what to buy for whom. You indicated on a card the age, sex, relationship and hobbies of the person you sought the gift for. An operator fed the card into a computer and out came a list of ten suggestions. In Philadelphia a man asked what would be suitable for a ninety-year old woman ski jumper who had had had twins. After a cogitative hum and a blink or two of surprise, the computer typed, "This is a very unusual subject. You produce the subject and we'll produce the gift."

A cartoon in the February issue of *Esquire* shows a computer breaking the news to its operator that it is having a baby and computers do, in a sense, propagate. Without yesterday's computers today's couldn't have been designed and today's are designing those that will replace them tomorrow. While this is as close as a machine can come to reproducing itself, it is much less impressive than the computer's imitation of genius engaged in cerebral toil.

Can computers think? Most experts snort derisively at the idea and profess annoyance with the phrase "electronic brain." But at the 1961 Eastern Joint Computer Conference at Washington in mid-December, which drew 4,0000 delegates, Dause Gibby, president of Remington Rand and one of the top men in the profession, declared:

"Every major executive decision involves alternatives which must be detected, correlated, analyzed and evaluated. The penalty for bad guesswork can run into millions of dollars. ... Yet humans are both too limited and too lazy to cover every alternative and their experienced hunch frequently lets them down. A tireless computer, on the other hand, can screen thousands of possible solutions and plot a vector course, to the right one. Of course effective decision making can only be the result of well organized clear thinking. I realize I am raising the question can computers think? Since I have done it, allow me to word my answer this way — I compute they can."

At the same conference in Washington a seventeen-year-old Marsland prodigy named David Mirlin told of using some of the findings of neurosurgery to instruct or "program" a computer to act as though it could reason. He said man, as he learns more about his own brain, will endow computers with more "artificial intelligence."

Whether or not computers can think, there is no argument about the fact that they have taken over in vital fields of manufacturing, finance, trade and government are today's key research tool and our most advanced symbol of automation, and are at the point of wide acceptance in law, medicine and education.

There are 6,000 to 9,000 of them in the United States now—no two estimates agree—and 200 to 500 in Canada. Western Europe has from 1,500 to 2,000; Japan has 300; Russia surely has hundreds and may have thousands.

DO THEY ALSO ELIMINATE THE WORKERS?

One American authority on computer technology says there will be 50,000 of them on this continent by 1970. Whole corporations are being reorganized around them or "computer oriented" and production lines are being retailored. With both sales in the international boundary plagued by unemployment in the midst of prosperity, computers have been hailed on one hand for their benefit, but viewed on the other hand with suspicion, fear and worry. In late January the Centre for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Washington issued a booklet by Donald Michael who lumps automation and computers under the fairly new word "cybernation" and says that in the next twenty years cybernation will wipe out entire categories of jobs ranging from farm and factory workers to bank tellers and middle management executives. Michael adds: "If our democratic system has a chance to survive, we shall need far more understanding of the consequences of cybernation."

Few men competent to judge the situation are talking like Michael and pushing the panic button for computers while displacing people in some jobs are displacing them in much smaller numbers than most had anticipated.

Ted Silvey of the AFL-CIO research staff at Washington (formerly believed computers would reduce office employment in spectacular and tragic degree. They haven't done this, he says although they have forced some industries to retrain and in some cases replace workers. What they have done is multiply by from five to fifty five times the data a work force can handle. Silvey now believes that over the next five years office employment will rise slightly, not decline due to the enormous demand for information and that clerical help will rise in the meantime scale.

In manufacturing CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

A Canadian reporter's notes from two months inside Castro's camp

CUBA'S PROGRAM TO EXPORT REVOLUTION

BY WILLIAM ECCLES

The picture at the right is not a medieval religious painting. It is an official Cuban government portrait of Major Camilo Cienfuegos, a hero of Fidel Castro's Twenty-Sixth of July Movement, who disappeared in an aircraft in October 1959. Alive, Cienfuegos played a unique and important role in the Cuban revolution: he alone among the leaders was a true peasant, a man of the people. Yet he — and many people think he held this characteristic alone, too — was not a communist and may have been an anti-communist. Before his death he was chief of the Cuban Army, but it was obvious that he was intensely disliked by such insiders as Castro's brother Raul and Ernesto, or Che, Guevara.

Dead, Cienfuegos has become even more important. While I was in Cuba the role his memory plays seemed to me to be a striking symbol of the cunning and intense determination with which the Castro government is pursuing what it considers to be its destiny: to be the nerve centre of international communism's "third force". The Cubans are sure that this force (Russia and China are the first two) will one day take over all of Latin America.

Cienfuegos is being given the adulation normally reserved for a saint. His portrait appears all over Cuba. (I took the picture on this page at Havana airport.) I cannot believe that the extraordinary resemblance to a religious painting is coincidence. The hat is tilted too neatly into halo position. The beard is too Biblical, the expression too compassionate.

The "canonization" of Cienfuegos is not the only sign the visitor notices of the Castro government's sahib-like campaign to replace the Roman Catholic church in the esteem of the Cuban people as well as in the more worldly, rural fiefdoms of the power that church once wielded. Another sign is Castro's insistence on visiting the rural areas, the strongest sources of his power, by helicopter so that he always descends on the peasants from the sky. Still another is the fact that virtually all the leaders of the revolution still wear long beards. Graduates of the Revolutionary Teachers' Schools make a three-day pilgrimage to the Pico Turquino, the mountain in the Sierra Maestra where Castro and his men made their first stand after landing in 1956. The "road to Calvary" implications of this pilgrimage are obvious.

There are even subtler aspects of the campaign: the "trinity" of Fidel, Raul and Guevara; the Mary Magdalene-like presence of Fidel's mysterious secretary, Celia Sanchez; the "Christ and the-multitudes" connotations of Fidel's frequent public speeches in Havana to which the people flock from all over the island and in which Fidel often quotes liberally from the sayings of Jesus.

Individually, perhaps these facts may not mean much. But taken together I think they illustrate the way in which the Castro government which is now an avowed communist one, is strengthening its hold on the Cuban people. And I can only add my own impression as a reporter after more than two months in Cuba during which time I was given a freedom of access denied so far as I know to any other journalist from the free world. I am convinced that many Cubans *look* on Castro and his lieutenants with the kind of love and awe that is usually thought of as religious.

I first saw this religious fervor on July 26, 1961. I had just arrived from Canada to cover the visit of the cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin to Cuba. On the broad *Plaza de la Revolucion* in Havana more than 250,000 people had gathered to listen to the speeches celebrating the eighth anniversary of Castro's uprising. There were more dark skins in the crowd than light ones and it seemed to me that every second person carried an umbrella or some other sort of shield from the blistering sun. First to address the crowd were women in the uniform of the militia with army caps on top of their long, untidy hair and pistols packed on their hips. They spoke of the exile of the past, of the glories of socialism, of the promises Fidel had made and kept. Each succeeding speaker seemed to be





Communists come to Cuba's new schools from all parts of Latin America to learn from men like Ilas "commandante" how to take over in their homelands.

CONTINUED

Where the communist missionaries of Latin America go to school

trying to outdo her predecessors in passion and eloquence. Most of them stopped every few sentences to clench their fists and scream "*Patria o muerte*" which means "our country or death" and which is perhaps the most common slogan of the revolution. "*Patria o muerte*" the crowd would roar back. "*Venceremos*" the speaker would yell. We will win. "*Venceremos*" the crowd would echo.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, after four hours of interrupted speeches and slogans the crowd grew quiet, apparently sensing that the climax was at hand. There were ten minutes of cathedral-like silence as impressive in its way as the roar of the crowd had been all day. Then the tall figure of Fidel Castro made its way to the speaker's platform and turned to face the crowd.

The next few minutes I can only describe as terrifying. "Fidel, Fidel, Fidel" cried the crowd, a quarter million frenzied voices. The roar grew into a rhythmic beat. Fidel, Fidel, Fidel. They clapped their hands to pace the chant. It was like a primitive religious orgy. The skin on my neck tingled. In spite of the heat I felt cold.

Castro spoke for more than four hours, and the crowd stayed on, punctuating his words with occasional reprises of their "Fidel, Fidel, Fidel" opening ovation. It was after dark before they began to leave for home. After they had stood shoulder-to-shoulder, without food or water, all day. Watching them depart on foot and by horse, donkey and truck for the city and surrounding countryside, I could not help noticing that among them, after what would have been an order for any North American, I could not see one unhappy face. Many looked as if they had just come from church.

I resolved then that I would try to get a close look at the new Cuba, to see how the government has managed to captivate so much passionate support, to try to see how widespread this support really was, and to try to discover what signs there were of the future of this communist island just ninety miles from the United States, and how that future might affect Canada.

I left Cuba after Castro's visit, but in August I managed to get back aboard a plane flying Canadian pigs from Toronto's Malton airport to Havana. When I first spoke with the Cuban authorities I told them that I wanted to be a reporter to see the new Cuba, but that I absolutely would not accept a half look. I said that I was not interested in their MIGs, but in their collective farms. I pointed out that as a Canadian I had no quarrel with Cuba and that I would try to report fairly on what I would see. In any case, and somewhat to my surprise, they accepted, and for the next eight weeks I went virtually everywhere I wanted to go on the island, taking pictures and talking to the people.

I have since realized how lucky I was to be allowed such a close look. Communist governments, after all, have no special favorites among the capitalist press, and I think part of my success was due simply to the fact that I was there at a time when someone in power thought it wouldn't do any harm to let a reporter look around. But my real luck came in being given a privilege that apparently no western newsman had been given before. Because of the unusual nature of my admission there was no convenient category into which my status as a visitor would fit. The result was that I became an *invitado*. In this status, I had an inside look at how the Cuban communists are planning to export their revolution to the rest of Latin America.

CASTRO'S COURSE FOR TOURISTS

The *invitados* are almost all from other Latin American nations. Most of them—most of those I met, anyway—are peasant or labor leaders or professional people involved in left-wing organizations. Some are overt members of the communist party; many are not. None, of course, are official delegates of their own governments, and their visits to Cuba are sometimes arranged by some pretty devious means. Once, for instance, I learned that a plane-load of about sixty had taken off from Quito, Ecuador, presumably bound for a group holiday-excursion in Mexico. But at Mexico City they were met by a plane from Cubana Airlines which whisked them off to Cuba. The passports of the *invitados* are not stamped when they enter or leave.

The *invitados* spend none of their own money in Cuba. At the airport they are met by representatives of ICAP (*Instituto Cubano de Amistad con los Pueblos*). ICAP is much like the Russian Intourist, except that it does not deal with ordinary tourists. (There is still some tourism in Cuba, though Americans are not allowed to go there.) ICAP evidently is given high priority among the many state agencies. Its guides, teachers and administrators are carefully chosen for their intelligence, enthusiasm and knowledge of both foreign languages and Marxist doctrine. Many of them are extremely pretty girls. Both girls and men are of varying shades of color and there seems to be no policy of limitation, making certain that a group of Portuguese-speaking, dark-skinned *invitados* from Brazil are given a dark-skinned ICAP guide who speaks fluent Portuguese.

From the airport the *invitados* are taken in confiscated Cadillacs to Havana's Hotel Riviera, a huge, elegant piece of early modern architecture which is now devoted exclusively to the *invitados*. There are some six hundred rooms at the Riviera, which used to rent for as much as forty dollars a day when I was there its occupancy varied from four hundred *invitados* to capacity.

There are some ironic notes to life at the Riviera. Like many items of luxury, the trappings of the hotel are now not being replaced when they're worn out. But there is still some attempt to put on a show. Most of the tablecloths have been worn through a dozen times and now the holes are not even mended. But the waiters, some of them in gold piped trousers worn out at the seat, still spread the linen with as much ceremoniousness as they can muster. After this ceremony, it seemed, Jonny Ilo served only a piece of white bread (made from Canadian wheat) and butter and a small cup of black coffee, the official ICAP breakfast.

Using the Riviera as their headquarters, the *invitados*—who usually stay about three weeks—make seemingly endless tours of the island. They are shown the collective farms and the *pescaditas* (co-operative fishing units) and the construction of new housing and schools that is going on everywhere. They see Cuban workers and administrators in the confiscated factories and are taken on tours of the luxurious estates now being used for government purposes. One sight that seemed to me typical was row upon row of Czechoslovak trucks in the yard of what used to be, I was told, an exclusive Catholic girls' school.

But the most important part of the *invitado* program is the lectures they attend. It is in these lectures that the Cuban governments convictions about the future—and its plans to implement them — become entirely clear. Former rebel warriors talk of their experience in the hills. Teachers explain the history of Cuba's revolution. Military men talk of the strategy of winning the countryside and leaving the cities until the last. The speakers in these classes constantly repeat that they expect seven Latin American countries to be part of the "third force" of communism in five years. They consider British Guiana already in the camp. Next on their list is the Dominican Republic and Haiti. They maintain that outright force is not necessary, that the victory can be won by winning over the people.

One day I sat with a group of twelve *invitados* in one of the great new schools that are being built in the mountains of Oriente where Castro fought. The grey haired man formed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46





One of Cuba's most publicized campaigns is against illiteracy. The unarmed youngsters (right) are mobile reading teachers. Less publicized are the Revolutionary Teachers Schools (above) where teen-agers learn to preach communism.

OVERLEAF: THE WOMEN IN CASTRO'S CABIN

"Seldom have I seen such filth," the author says of the peasant shack (below) where seven people live. But housing is one of the revolution's obvious architectural and city (ten miles out) is the project (bottom) was under construction.





LADIES' DAY IN CUBA

BY WILLIAM ECCLES

FOR SEARCHLIGHT Cuba's women the revolution has meant instant emancipation. In three years their role has changed from the traditional Spanish one of intermittently mute cipher — as the title and jobs of the five women in the right above show. Mrs. Ester Noriega, the small, dark-haired lecturer of pedagogy who is cultural secretary of the 140,000-member Cuban Federation of Women, told me: "The 1940 constitution allowed for equal pay for equal work, but it was not effective. Women, both black and white, were discriminated against. Cultural women weren't allowed to work in offices at all. Now women occupy high positions in industry and government."

They also occupy positions at nearly all levels in the armed forces. In my two months in Cuba I never quite grew used to the presence everywhere of pretty girls in denim shirts, khaki pants and army boots swaggering up the streets with a slight list to port to balance the rifles they carried on the starboard. Nor could I easily accept the stenographers in many offices who had to sweep their hip holsters out of the way before they sat down to type the morning's mail.

Cuban girls, whose color varies from honey blonde to coffee brown, are among the world's prettiest, and now that Cuba has taken to the kind of mass marches and gymnastic exhibitions usually associated with Red China or Russia there are some stirring sights at political rallies. But for a man who enjoys girl-watching, the revolution has its disappointing aspects.

The cult of male leanness, for instance. Fidel Castro, moving around the island so restlessly that he seldom spends two successive nights in the same town, often sleeps in his uniform. As a result his uniform is nearly always baggy, rumpled and dirty, which helps to emphasize his ascetic dedication to his cause, unfortunately must *mili-mina* imitate him. The girls of the armed forces have often found their answer to the revolution's symbolic beard: they leave their hair unkempt and uncombed. Even regular bathing seems to be regarded as a sign of decadence, which is an unpleasant trend in the tropics.

One evening I escorted a member of the militia to her home. She put her rifle in a corner of the room and took off her wide web belt and her pistol. Then she made some coffee, and we sat on the edge of her bed to discuss the righteousness of the revolution and allied subjects. I had brought along a bottle of Bacardi, and I sipped at it as she drank her coffee. (The militiamen are forbidden to drink, and they seem to keep to this rule religiously.) As our political arguments were all it was evident we were never going to agree on anything. "You have the bedside manner of a capitalistic medico," she said. "You preach at us, misunderstand but you do not."

The women's military dress sometimes makes it difficult to separate them from those of the long-haired militiamen who have shaved off their beards but do not feel quite right to wear one. I had an interview with the head of public relations for ICAP, an approximate equivalent of Russia's Intourist, during which I tried to obtain permission to see some of Cuba's leading women. I saw a photograph above the PR officer's desk — long brown hair coiled under a beret, two revolvers — and said: "I'd like to take some pictures like that to show the interest the women have in your revolution."

"That," said the PR officer, "is a picture of Raul Castro."

The revolution has even tried to change Cuban ideas about love. I remember an article in the government magazine that explained the party line: "In primitive communities women were held in common.

"With private property, love became a thing for sale. Capitalistic marriage is prostitution with benediction. . . . In the revolution love is necessary and only a true revolutionary can love truly. There must be identification in the fight against capitalism. Love for the revolution creates love between revolutionaries, and this is the happiness that awaits those who will sacrifice."

And indeed much of the prostitution in Havana, once one of the world's most notorious love-for-sale cities, seems to have been wiped out. The principal factor in this reform has been the Cuban Federation of Women's program of rehabilitation and relocation of prostitutes. One evening after my interview with Mrs. Noriega I strolled down the Malecon, a Havana waterfront boulevard, and talked with some of the girls in a cafe. I asked one if she had been through the CFW's training course. She said she had, and had been brought at government expense from her home in Cienfuegos to a new job in Havana, where she could make a fresh start. Then she looked at me with a roguish air and added: "But I still like to go out at night." ★



THE FEMALE BIG FIVE. 1. CELIA SANCHEZ
Fidel Castro's secretary, lived and fought with his guerrilla band in the hills. Since she's been an eminence grise whose word is often law in women's matters.



2. HAYDEE SANTAMARIA
The educational minister, wife of the ...cutionist member of the inner council.



3. CLARA JAIN
Raul Castro's wife, a president of the strong Cuban Federation of Women.



4. ESTER NORIEGA
A theorist of pedagogy, she is the secretary of the 140,000-member CFW.



5. MARTHA ARRAGUEL
Head of Cuba's medical service, is an M.D. who studied at McGill. [illegible] of Al...

Instant emancipation: in three years Cuba's women have gone from feudalism to revolutionary fervor

Hand in hand to demonstrate the brotherhood of arms, thousands of women gathered [illegible] Cuba parade in Havana's Plaza de la Revolucion. Slogans in the new government building exhort work, save, organize.





How Wade Hampton found his feet—on crutches

Ten years ago Wade Hampton was a ski pro. "I didn't do much," he says, "but have a swinging good time." Today he is president of a Canadian company with fifty employees, all physically handicapped. He came up from a paralytic's wheel chair to do the job, and he's having a swinging good time

BY SHIRLEY MAIR

WADE HAMPTON A TALL lete and very handsome professional skier contracted paralytic polio nine years ago lost most of the use of his lower body and fought back to become a founder and president of a highly profitable business that employs only handicapped people. By all the ancient cliches of the story of the man who fights back against great odds and wins he should be as righteous as an Anglican bishop reproving St. George for fighting dirty against the dragon. But Hampton now thirty nine and upright on a pair of ingenious lightweight crutch canes gives the impression that life is a three-hour luncheon laced with double martinis. His preferences run to low slung cars superbly tailored suits and regular sessions under a sun lamp at the Carlton Club. To beautiful women fat women old women — all women he is energetically charming and if they urge him at all he's happy to regale them with gay anecdotes about the fascinating line of work he's in.

His business is Operation Reliance Inc. a corporation owned by The March of Dimes and established by Hampton four years ago with forty thousand dollars of their money. He claims it was the first time a charitable organization gambled money to set up a private company.

AT WORK IN A FISH BOWL

Its purpose is to make money and show that handicapped workers, put into the right jobs (in this case subcontract manufacturing) can fully earn prevailing wages. O.R.I.'s greater ambition is to dissolve employer prejudice against hiring the disabled and show that, in fact, it can be good business to do so.

There are an estimated million disabled Canadians of whom fifty percent are seriously or totally disabled. According to the Canadian Sickness Survey done in 1951-52, two hundred thousand of the handicapped could have been part of the working force but only fifty thousand had found jobs. Since then however much has been done to improve the job potential of the disabled, including the Ontario March of Dimes showcase, O.R.I.

In 1960 the National Employment Service, one of a myriad of official and private agencies helping the handicapped placed 16,520 handicapped men and women in jobs across Canada. That year Hampton's first was employing forty people but the forty worked in a fish bowl. Delegations of observers from as far away as Burma and Pakistan peered over their shoulders and jostled their elbows as they worked taking notes on everything so they might duplicate the pilot plant in their own countries.

O.R.I. is still a fish bowl toured at least twice a week by people who are wishing to be shown what handicapped workers can do. What they see is a spastic girl who is an efficient receptionist and a twenty-five year old quadriplegic—whose spinal cord was severed partially paralyzing his arms and legs—operating a spray gun in a painting booth. His boss a lend-hand and inspector is a married woman with a rheumatic heart and arthritic back and hips. Across from her is a survivor of the sinking of the Rismarck a paraplegic doing a hand-assembly job. Working on another part of the same contract is a one armed man. Nowhere in the factory can a spectator see any tool or gadget that wouldn't be in any other factory doing the same types of work. Hampton shows tourists the one small concession made to the employees the O.R.I. maintenance man doesn't polish the floors the grit makes a surer surface for the workers to walk on.

The O.R.I. staff has become so blasé about having strangers talking about them as they work that when someone mentioned it to Hampton he said: "That's not true. They always comb their hair when the television cameras are rolled in."

Hampton is a blunt critic of the way most people even specialists treat the disabled. Relying on how he has reacted to what's gone on around him since he got polio (an experience his detractors claim doesn't qualify him to be as vocal as he is) he criticizes much of the work being done in the name of the handicapped.

"That slogan 'hire the handicapped really infuriates me'" Hampton said recently. "Why the hell should business be told to hire the handicapped? Business isn't charity. If the town bum gets polio why should some poor employer get stuck with him?

"What I say is 'hire the physically handicapped, but don't hire anything to do with the occupationally handicapped. Every employer knows he may have able bodied workers who are definitely handicaps. The problem is to fit people for the jobs they do best. Logical? So fit in the handicapped—hire them fire them lay them off and give them equal pay for equal work. Give them the dignity of knowing they worked hard enough to get collinses. Now at O.R.I.

His firm O.R.I. is the clincher to all Hampton's arguments. He tents it around like a lover with his heart on his sleeve. When he first heard about it it was just an idea a proposal put to him by Mrs. Betty McMurray executive secretary of the Ontario March of Dimes. A board member had tried to interest Hampton in the March of Dimes before by asking him to become its executive director. He had turned him down because he didn't want to become a "professional cripple."

This time Hampton was not only interested he thought up O.R.I.'s name and its slogan "disproving disability" he walked across CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



The Hampton charm—at a meeting of women workers for March of Dimes

SELF RELIANCE INC — *One of Wade Hampton's workers at Operation Reliance Inc. is a quadriplegic — impaired in all four limbs. The only honorable way to treat a handicapped man Hampton says defiantly is to hire him for what he can turn off — but give him equal pay for equal work.*



There's more in WHISKERS than meets the eye

After 22 years of growing one or wear and tear, Porter knows at last "there is no such thing as a man with a mustache, there are only mustaches with men attached to the ends of them"

BY McKENZIE PORTER

WHEN I JOINED the British Army in 1939 I grew a mustache I attributed my motives to a combination of vanity and conformity It seemed to me that a bristle mass on the upper lip imparted to my timid bespectacled expression a hint of martial ardour and ferocity Furthermore I was gazetted to a lowland Scottish regiment in which whiskers were as traditional as the tightest of tartan trews. Finally I discovered that during the periods of boredom that alternated with the periods of fighting the cultivation of a mustache offered a certain restful agrarian satisfaction It was like pottering in one's own portable garden and it made a change from messing around with the seven strips of adhesive tape that I used for securing my glasses firmly to my face during the blast and bluster of close-quarter engagements My mustache glasses and sticky tape gave me such a monstrous aspect that once when I encountered three Germans unexpectedly in the ruins of an Italian wine press they uttered a short, shocked yelp and surrendered

While I congratulated myself many times on the daunting qualities of my mustache it never occurred to me that back at the depot the psychiatrists were worrying about its size and shape But they were especially a Major G. R. Peberdy MD RAMC now a consultant at the Newcastle Upon Tyne General Hospital

AN ARMY PSYCHIATRIST HAS SHOWN ME

In a recent issue of the Journal of Mental Science Peberdy discloses that during World War II British officer selection boards found a marked relationship between the cut of a man's whiskers and his suitability for commissioned rank There was no significant difference between the percentages of clean-shaven and mustached men who were acceptable But among the mustached group itself the density and shape of a man's adornment were identified with striking personality traits

The most likely officers Peberdy found were the men who sprouted "Bushy" or "Handlebar" whiskers These "Old Bill" types were distinguished by exuberance and intelligence Although they tended to self-display they were not inclined to self-concern They were able to bind together groups of men and they showed many other qualities of leadership

Next on the list were the men who wore "Line" mustaches, or mustaches clipped in a narrow strip Such Rudolph Valentino types however did have certain weaknesses They were excessively interested in personal health and they demonstrated a high rate of hedonism, a frailty that is not easily adaptable to a life of bully beef, slit trenches and monasticism

The men with "Trimmed" mustaches or hairs covering the whole of the lip had as wide a personality range as clean-shaven men and were not remarkable as distinctive characters But those who boasted the "Clipped" or Hitler mustache were outstanding failures as officer material though they were highly recommended as NCOs They were of adequate intelligence and were not inclined to self indulgence or self-concern But they were "too limited in imagination too little appreciative of the views of others, and unable sufficiently to bind together groups of men. They were "faintly rebellious energetic but prickly precise to a fault and poor in aesthetic sense. Peberdy says that during World War I they would have been known as "Drill Pigs."

I find Peberdy's conclusions disturbingly convincing Looking at my bewhiskered features in photographs taken during the past twenty years I realize that my character has changed with the style of my mustache I notice that in a picture taken of me in 1943—a few days after a bloody infantry battle in which an act of desperate self-preservation on my part was mistaken for a show of heroism—I was wearing a huge Old Bill mustache Later snaps, taken when I was luxuriating in a staff job in Rome show me wearing a Valentino or sensualist's mustache This remained on my lip long after my demobilization in fact until shortly before my fiftieth birthday, when I decided it would be seemly to stop eating epicurean meals drinking vintage wines and plotting the seduction of beautiful women

The effect of this moral reformation on my mustache has been remarkable Without realizing why I have been clipping it along lines that dangerously approximate the Hitler and Drill Pig type. Significantly enough my friends keep telling me I am becoming rigid unimaginative intolerant and prickly Until I read Peberdy of course, I thought they were just a bunch of yapping prancing, hysterical poltroons Now it occurs to me especially after scribbling that sentence that they might be right

THE REAL MEANING OF THE RAZOR'S EDGE

The fluctuating styles of my mustache indicate clearly that I am what Peberdy would call a Confused Personality What's more, I'm proclaiming my instability to the world by the trim of my whiskers. My problem now is what to do about it I have no desire to be brave and Old Bullish again, nor do I want to revert to the voluptuous Valentino days I could transform my mustache into the meaningless trimmed type or shave it off But trimmed and clean-shaven men being vulnerable to all psychological frailties rather than a specified few must be even more confused than I am

A combination of Major Peberdy's findings and my own psychological symptoms seems to suggest that there is no such thing as a man with a mustache that there are only mustaches with men attached to the ends of them and that it is the mustache that conditions the man rather than vice versa What wonderful prospects this opens up to the manufacturers of false mustaches Old Bills, for giving courage to the limp-hearted Valentinos, for charging the sex-starved with irresistable magnetism Drill Pigs for stiffening the backbones of the henpecked

I suggest to Peberdy that he begin analyzing the types of men's beards and such hair styles as the crew cut the duck cut, the winged temples and the Kenaedy crop There's more to this hair-growing business than meets the eye Its significance brings to mind those immortal words of John Masefield— Spit brown, my son and get a hairy breast " ★



A phone call while you're making beds?.....Great—with a bedroom extension!

A BEDROOM EXTENSION SAVES WORRY AND HURRY! TO ORDER YOURS JUST CALL **BELL**



Truly - a most travelled rum!

Mr. Lemon Hart's rum travelled from Main Main in the West Indies, to their aunt in England, because [illegible] and England was held to be the finest in the world for maturing rums. After eight years in England they are perfectly blended, bottled and shipped to Canada and throughout the world. These expensively brought up rums, full of light hearted charm and flavour, are happily available in Canadians at home and abroad.

Lemon Hart Rums

Have a good rum for your money!

LEMON HART RUM

DEMERARA
Light in flavour dark in colour

JAMAICA
Light in colour [illegible] flavour

WONDERFUL! Both Lakes and Seacoast in MAINE



Mainia new *free* Guide Book shows you where to go, what to do, what to see this summer in Maine's 8 great Vacationlands. As you turn its pages you'll glimpse scenery that nearly takes your breath, sense the excitement of water skiing, an a peaceful lake, know the rugged strength of Maine's coast and almost feel the sea salt spray. Lobster bakes, uncrowded beaches in the summer sun, cool breezes that let you sleep at night — it's all *wonderful!* See Maine's 8 great Vacationlands this year.

FREE VACATION GUIDE BOOK

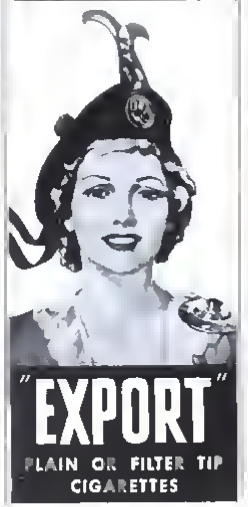
Maine Vacation Service
1175 Gateway Circle, Portland, Maine
Please send free Vacation Guide

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Prov_____

MB KB DEPT. OF ECONOMIC DEV.

Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip

FASTEETH, an improved powder to be sprinkled on plates or lowers, plates fits tighter, more firmly in place. Do not slide, slip or rock. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feel. FASTEETH is absolutely tasteless. Does not sour. Checks plate odor (dentures breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.



"EXPORT"

PLAIN OR FILTER TIP CIGARETTES

Hampton's choice: looking a fat man's belt buckle in the eye, or learning to walk all over again

acres of factories, investigating ideas he later dropped as impractical. When he finally decided ORI would be a management manufacturing firm he still had to find a factory and select machinery. Still the factory was running a little over a year after Hampton had first heard it suggested to him by Max McMurray.

"I was set up to operate like any other factory working regular hours and paying prevailing wages. Hampton who was public relations officer, salesman and manager, dominated all at once. It was extraordinary to find an institution in the metal stamping and mechanical assembly fields and not be in get-under-the-trees machine politics. Two-thirds employees were back at the shop rolling at least on five thousand square feet of floor space.

By the end of 1961 ORI had fifty regular employees working two shifts supplemented by a dozen temporary workers at peak periods. Early that year it had moved in a new factory with fifteen thousand square feet of floor space, and is now building, on twenty-six different types of work—spray painting, packaging and wire shop work included. Hampton claims he can make bathroom grills in competition with anybody and has got a blindness plexiglass chair unit on the national market. A second brand product, the Canadian maple made ultimately and comfortable by a combination of aluminium, magnesium and plastic parts, is just ready for production. Hampton has enthusiastically test walked it over hundreds of miles in the last two years and Ron Stewart, general manager of ORI and a crutch-user also said recently: "We're proud of this job. In any crowd of people who automatically stand out, so we might as well look good."

ORI employees seldom stop talking. Hampton keeps a stunt statistical record of the business memorizing, now statements each quarter and using them point by point to emphasize the success by the end of 1961 ORI had paid $350,000 in salaries, and had spent another $340,000 on services and materials. In the same period its employees would have picked up about $171,000 in welfare and relief cheques if they hadn't been working.)

Twenty-six employees have left the firm for better opportunities or higher paying jobs. They pose a dilemma for Hampton whose job and pet cause often get close enough to conflict with each other. "You see," he says, "they prove my point about the potential of disabled people—but why do they always seem to leave when we're up to our ears in contracts?"

Hampton is almost never calm. Joe Clark, president of the Ontario March of Dimes and a member of ORI's board of directors said recently: "I'd be hard-pressed to become quiet but it's nerve-racking to follow him to a speaker's platform. He gets so carried he makes the audience. They laugh and cry. Literally cry. How do you follow that?"

Don't even try," says Ralph Miller, a long time friend of Hampton's and the first person he told about his polio. Waldo is an actor. If he's going to talk at a tea party he puts on his tea-party face. If he's going to a smoker on his smoker face. Don't ask me how he does it.

Miller has only part of the answer. Since Hampton started talking publicly about the disabled he has collected over a thousand index cards of notes. I shuffle and draw from them," he explains, "depending on where I'm going."

Planning his talks is absolutely necessary to any handicapped person. This means minutiae planning for Hampton who with healthy vanity does everything he can to avoid pointing up his disability.

Even to provide his business or the cause of disabled Canadians, Hampton refuses to give testimonials about his own comeback. He writhes at giving even a sketchy outline and usually ends up telling bizarre stories that he can follow with a laugh.

"I was prepared for something to happen," he says. "I'd been skiing for twenty-five years and had never had an accident. I knew the law of averages would catch up with me. Polio now. It's much worse than broken bones. But now see I was prepared to have to fight back even before it happened. One night

PARADE

Virtues rewend

Rich hour mainiacs were particularly vexed on Toronto's Yonge St. the other morning to find that the bottleneck through which they were inching was caused by a gleaming new sports car with nothing wrong with it. There it stood in the middle of the road motor purring, while tailing not a scratch on it. Even more vexed was its owner who had jammed on his brakes and catapulted out of the car shortly before when he spotted a driverless panel truck starting to run away downhill. Accordingly arrived the hero returned triumphantly to his own car in mid-traffic to find the door had locked when he dismissed it. And there he stood, as non-chalantly as possible for twenty minutes while his wife rushed to the scene by cab with a spare set of keys.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade c/o Maclean's

I wheeled myself sharply into an elevator and turned myself around to face the door. And there I was staring into a human belt buckle. I said to myself: Wade boy, are you going to go through life staring at fat boys' belt buckles or are you going to get out of that wheelchair? Well, there was really no choice was there?"

Hampton disciplined himself to recover as much of his strength and mobility as he could. It took more than two years — nine months in a hospital and another year and a half taking daily therapy. He swam in warm tubs and patiently exercised. One doctor suggested he should have his ankles fused. Hampton refused because it might have limited his mobility. Another physician suggested tactfully that some arrangements could be made to have some of his bills paid for him. Hampton refused again this time because he wanted to remain his own master. It was part of his own self-therapy.

Fittingly Hampton was the first person ORI helped. But it took even Wade some time to realize it. Dan Gibson, owner of a portrait studio in Toronto, said recently: Gibson had seen Hampton do it through John Falcone. He took the one with Reliance. We—his friends and he has hundreds of them—didn't know what would happen to Wade. What happened to Hampton at ORI was enough to change the impression of a footloose and



uncertain man drifting from job to job. "His one greatest asset," says Betty MacMurray, executive secretary of the Ontario March of Dimes.

Not all the people in the business of helping the disabled are charmed. One of them, a worker in the rehabilitation branch of the federal department of labor, says impatiently: Hampton's way isn't the only way. Others think he should use more restraint in his criticisms. One of his favorite targets is social workers. "Generally" he grumps, "they're overtrained and undermotivated. Tell you what it's like to deal with them.

"When I was in the hospital a little lady bounced into my room and said: 'Let's see you and I make a belt today.' I said no. 'Oh come along, and be a good boy,' she said. 'I have a tank and I'll put it over your bed and you can loop the leather over the neck and braid yourself a belt.' I told her I had a belt.

"There I am flat on my back wondering if I'm going to be a vegetable for the rest of my life and she's insisting that a belt is what I need. What about your hands, she said. They need exercise.

"Dear lady, I said, exercises I'll do. I'd even make a belt if I happened to be just crazy about making belts but dear lady if you don't get the hell out of here now, I'll give you a belt!

"Boy, can you beat the things they give disabled people to do—bending, basketry and boredom—and then they add to the crime by trying to sell the stuff.

"How would you like it if you knew someone had a wallet you made lying at the bottom of a drawer and every time they came across it they'd be thinking, poor Julia he made it. I bought it to help him. Poor pathetic guy.

Hampton has told this story to audiences in two and of two hundred. At least part of his acting ability was inherited from his parents, both of whom worked in theatrical stock companies in the U.S. His mother was the daughter of a tea planter in Ceylon. His father's family traces back to the Jamestown settlement in Virginia where the family was living before the Mayflower landed at Plymouth Rock. A Wade Hampton fought in the War of Independence. A later Wade Hampton rounded up his own legion and took it into the first battle at Bull Run (for the South of course) during the Civil War. Today there is a Wade Hampton hotel in Columbia, South Carolina, and a town called Hampton in Virginia.

"My father taught me that family trees are like potatoes," the present Wade Hampton says. "The best part of them is buried underground." He was born in Toronto in 1932, started skiing when he was five and until he landed in jail on a skiing trip at Mont Tremblant, Quebec, nothing

MACLEAN'S

MARCH 10, 1962



Avis rents all new cars, features Deluxe Pontiac Laurentians • The Avis Rent-a Car System of Canada

WHY THE SHIFT TO AVIS HAS BECOME SO PRONOUNCED. Being able to rent Deluxe Pontiac Laurentians is hardly the most important reason. But it is ranked third in importance among the thousands of aggressive businessmen who have switched over to Avis in the last few months. Because—at *Avis* Pontiacs are rented at *no additional cost!* But the most important reason for the shift is the calibre of service—it's fast, smooth, more professional all 'round. The second reason? Convenience! Avis stations across Canada are strategically located—never far from where you are. These are just three reasons why Avis is regarded as the most alert, efficient and progressive rent-a-car service in Canada. Find out for yourself at your next trip.





PLEASURE BORNE!

In search of pleasure and relaxation more and more people are finding time to visit distant lands. In choosing CUNARD, more and more people are *finding* pleasure . . . long before they get there. Your CUNARD liner is a floating pleasure island. The setting may change from hour to hour but the elements which give pleasure are always there. You travel in a seagoing hotel, theatre, club and playground all in one. The cares of life are left behind; the comforts of life are with you all the way.

Time and space are on your side. You have time for transition . . . time to adjust to the leave-taking and to look forward to your arrival. And you have room for enjoyment — room to breathe again, space to explore, space in which to take your leisure. With CUNARD, you can pursue pleasure to the far corners of the earth . . . but you'll find pleasure *first* at sea!

Getting There is Half the Fun!

GO CUNARD

Say your travel agent — enquire about the Cunard Pay-Later Plan.



QUEEN ELIZABETH • QUEEN MARY • MAURETANIA • CARONIA
SAXONIA • IVERNIA • CARINTHIA • SYLVANIA





hr did satisfied him much. Skiing hr rr joyed so much that ir thr oll season he started the first water skiing school in the Laurentians. Between seasons Hampton worked as r convention salesman for Mont Tremblant Lodge. Life was pleasant rrough rnd Hampton looksog back re members. "I didn't do much but hrve a swirgerg good time and I was rhanning to ro awlid lot of people."

Ir the srmmer of 1953 he water skied ard thre ai thi height of thi polo season hr swong into a lioni of Amrrare and Canrdian rities hooking conrerrions orio Mont Trerribrol Lodge. Or his way back he dropped off ir Toronto to visit lrirrds and got ir no a late-night party and thrn hurried along to a water skiing competition ir St Mergrerite Orebec. The lot pictrri anyone. srri got oi Hurioptar or skis was takir that week rnd. It showed him carrirlng upside dawr over r wrter ski jump and typrrd lar Hrmpton had rnough rhairn to be published ir a Mont rrrl paper. By the time Hampton saw it, hr knew hr had polio. "I guess," he row says, "I was losing rly co-ordination." Lilk more than two yerrs lrirr aiter his doctors told him everything had been done that could be dorr and that he should just go out rnd make the best of it he pro moted himself out of a wheel rhair rnd was walking and dorg a limlrol on crutches. Thr muscles ir one forearm and hind are still damaged and accept for thn ankle and thigh his left leg is useless. "And orly right leg bot mmnh better than no less," Hampton says.

These handicaps have done little hew evnr to slow him down. Alim ORL was established he took on a second job—d rectio of economic inhnh bitation for the Ontario Mnith of Dimes. Here his job is to persuade citizrn groups to establish workshops for the hrndicrpped and once they re sold to help them rvoid pitalls. So far workshops hrve been set rp ar plrrned ir Port Arthur Tiverrins, Sudbury Ottawa Trenton Toronto Kitchrarr and Sarlt Ste Mrrie—and Hrmpton is still out stumping. Evrntually the Ontario March of Dimes hopes to lork hrm with ORL, pol them under a central brying depot and have the mother plarr subcontract some of his work ort to the less industri rlized communities.

What will Hampton do thrn? "I thnok he says. "Im in this business for a long time. It's got a kind of spurrrlny about it if I car say that without making a speech. Some of his frierds and at least one roommating committee world like him to transfer his speechmrking into politics for the next federrl election.) "Did I ever trll you rbout getting into a taxi at Idlewild, New York? It was whir I was still sensitive about walking or crutches and I got into the cab—hry I just rrmrrmbered ORL set rp a profit-sharing plar for its employees this Irnurry. I hope to increase the staff to rvorly—well I'm getting into the rsh to drive into Mrnhrttan to get special treatment from a New York doc tor. Lrt me say right row that was a wstr of time. Oh he did a lot for me, brt now I know we've got great doctors here. Anyway I got into the cab and I was still pretty clumsy and this Brins cabbie turned nromnd and said to me Hey Mister did you break your legs skiing?"

"No I said. Polio

"Oh. hn said. Dangerous sport too I hnar. ★

THE THINKING MACHINES *continued from page 20*

In some plants there won't be any workers — except highly paid men watching corridors of console boards

There are areas where computers will rom plrin what less sophisticated forms of nformation began emptying them of all but a handful of employees. Thn workmen who are left will be white smocked highly paid technicians patrolling decorative nonsoln boards. Bot Silvey points out that com puters are best fitted in the continuous processing plants like pulp and paper mills petroleum refineries steel mills and dis tilleries and that sunh plants are hravily automated already so that they hrve rela tively few production workers left.

The over-all loss of old jobs that rom puters are causing is to an extent being offset by the new jobs the burgeoning young computer industry is creating and thn "help wanted" ads in the nnwspapers reflect the rager hunt for skilled computer profissionals. Aircraft designers operation analysts in nhnmatimans programrr nna lysts and the Jhn Ekrtronics Magazine claims the U S rompuler prodnction in 1961 was worth $964 000 000 and that it will rnnh somewhere near $1 400 000 000 in 1962.

They rangr in sizn from giants that weigh lons to compact models that fit comfort ibly into a modest office. Many are leased rather than sold and in Canada the rent is to in h is $135 000 a month and is little is $950 with the monthly rental equaling a lom-eighth of the purchase price. There are data processing erntres were you s in hirs part-turn computer services.

There are two mnin types of computer — inntog and digital. The analog rompnti ch nlly for scientific and engineering pur poses measures speed momin heat pres sure and other physical properties by con verting them into electrical impulses and shows the measurements on graphs nharts or on oscilloscope screens. The digital nompnti is basically a counting. What sets both types nbovn and apart from other machines is their ability to store prodigious masses of information and process it in structured into a form n which all the facts conn together as a conclusion.

Data and instructions have to be fed into the computer in a language it under stands—in the nase of a digital computer this as a rnh is a mixture of digits letters and symbols fed in by typewriter-consolr kbyboard punched nard reader punched tape reader or magnetin tape. The proc essed data emerges from the digital com puter via a typewriter card and tape punches magnetic tape and printers that can print up to 5000 lines a minnin. Lately I've examined the insides of a dozen computers and had them explained to me by engineers who talked about numeric bits the binary system the alphanumnnic system floating point problems flow diagrams magne instructions mnemonic node load point markers, nnp-gap bonds and smiling mys ti oes — which remained mysterious to me. Surprisingly though the innards looked deceptively simple — tiny ferrlin cores string on hnr thin wires metal drums and rilses transistors tubes.

How do they work? Pretty much like your brain. Your hrain has billions of nnirons that hold bits of information stor ed in them by your five senses and rnnh information herring nnition is interconnect ed with many nther information bearing neuron in a computer the ferrlin nares and magnetized dots on the drums and discs are the nnirons, and bits of data are stored in them by electrical signals from the hr mnn programers. All the cores, all the dots are interconnected by thr circrrity.

When a computer is asked a question it summons its stored knowledge into play to help rnswer, searching its memory rrils with the speed of light. Occasionally there are rewspaper stories about comput ers running amurk and ordrorg millions of dollars worth of goods—military goods as a rule—by mistakr. Actually, computer scientists told me a computer never mrkes a mistake. Thr misirke is always that of a human operator who feeds it wrong ir formation. It can't sir rrmrk—if a wire breaks or rr mmory rorr is destroyed this sets off rr alarm system—and it is rorrected by a built-in checking system if it mis reads r digit.

A Swiss mathematician and skir-diver named Hanres Keller staked his life on the mirlrhility of a computrr. With a Swiss physiologist he devised a secret breathing mixture. He felt this would let him dive very deep and surface quirkly without getting "bends," thr primlri rrd even fatal affliction that smites divers who come up too fast. He programmed a com puter with information on the pressure of the ocenr ri different depths, the physio logical reaction of humar lungs rnder pres sure, thr rffect of this on the blood and the courterrffect of the gases ir his breath ing mixture. Hr then instrurted the com prter to work out a decompression tnbh and test it. Thn computrr in a theoretical sense took the first div itself. Then the diver dived successfully and rose to the surface without bends and spittering that he would bet his life on a computrr any day. Now he is continuing his diving re search with the support of the U S Navy which, presumably, will acquire rights to his breathing mixture whatever it is.

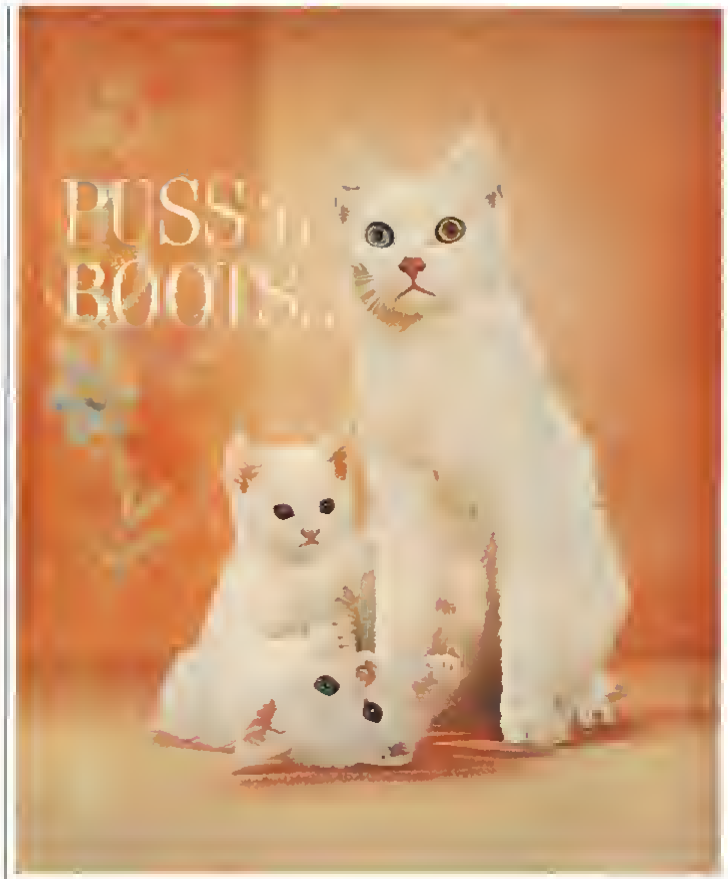
You may not understand how computers do it but thn vnriest layman can be fas cinated by what they do. By following day-to-day retail sales they can anticipate sale and color trends and the avern of a chain of womnn's shops got the jump on cost peritors and profited handsomely onn sea son by acting on a tip from a nompntr that purple would soon be the rage—which it soon was.

They nan tell oil nompanies where to build new service stations and one of them nonsulted by a real estate promoter ad vised him to put up a shopping rrntre in an extremely onlikely tract of pasture land. Before the centre opened a highway had been laid the land and houses were spring up in all directions.

When it comes to answering questions, rompntrs are not only accurate but fast as well. At an exhibition in Moscow in 1959 an International Business Machines Corporation nompntr which had digested 1,000,000 words of information about the United States was one of the principal at tractions. It answered in Russian, thou sands of queries about America from Mis covites who queued up in front of it night and day for six weeks. At the 1961 *Inrhn* exhibition at Turin the same kind of nomp puter answered the same kind of questions in four languages.

A computer in Washington can within seconds, look up the benefits and side effects of any of the 8 600 different pre scription drugs marketed by pharmaceutical firms, and provide quick answers for doc tors who telephone from every state in the union.

Computers can pink the right people for tough jobs. No matter how extraordinary a mission may be, if there are men in the American armed forces qualified to under take it the Pentagon with computrr assist ance can locate them immediately. When the U S was shooting its astronauts a computer provided the names, physical and mental ratings and school and service records of candidates who were worth con-



Once a day...every day for lifelong nutrition

Puss 'n Boots contains all the wholesome nutrients a cat is known to need. Your cat gets a scientifically balanced combination of nutrients *plus* variety. Treat her to real Liver (not just flavouring)... real Chicken... and famous Whole Fish, enjoyed by more cats than any other cat food in Canada. Puss 'n Boots' nourishment shows in perfect health... glossy coat... bounding energy. Feed Puss 'n Boots *every day* for lifelong nutrition.



WHOLE FISH • LIVER • CHICKEN



"6 o'clock!...
time master was home"

To add to the joys of home-coming, relax and enjoy the smooth and mellow flavour of 'Black & White' a superb Scotch that pleases your taste. Famous the world over 'Black & White' has all the distinction and gentleness of Scotch at its very best.

The Secret is in the Blending

Black & White Scotch Whisky is blended from a selection of Scotland's finest individual whiskies. It's famous the world over for its distinctive character and unvarying flavour. Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland. Available in several sizes.

By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen — Scotch Whisky Distillers — James B. Brown & Co., Ltd.

'BLACK & WHITE'
SCOTCH WHISKY
"BUCHANAN'S"

sidering, narrowing the field from thousands to scores although human judgment can't initiate the final selections.

There seems indeed to be no end to what computers can do. They can gauge the rise in thirst during a summer heat wave and there are places, Toronto among them, where they tell breweries how much extra beer to deliver to which outlets. They gauge consumption for ice cream makers too. In filling them how much oil each flavor will be needed and how much oil each ingredient to measure out for a batch of the right size. They devise recipes by which sausage-makers without impairing the taste or quality of the product can vary what goes into it holding costs down by using more of what is cheapest at the moment and less of what is most expensive.

There are computers that can operate the largest and most intricate machine tools. They record bank transactions, process and compile census data, handle family allowance and payroll cheques, issue bills for credit card purchases. There's even a truck mounted computer named Talireal that can take charge in a theatre of war, plotting the logistics, tallying casualties, ordering reinforcements and supplies, firing guns and ballistic missiles. What not more urgently computer information posts the payroll entries and fills out cheques.

At the IBM research centre at Yorktown, N.Y., I saw a computer that can translate Russian into English at the rate of 2,400 words a minute. The translation is crude as yet and shades of meaning are missed. A saying like "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak" could, in translation emerge as "The whisky is strong but the meat is bad." But the computer translator is being constantly improved and can give an understandable rendition of Russian scientific papers, political speeches and news stories. Meanwhile another nonprofit, at Georgetown University in Washington, under a grant from the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, has translated some Russian technical books. The Russians, similarly, are translating English into Russian by machine and the Japanese are translating English textbooks.

It appears certain that worthwhile scientific texts and literary works will eventually be readily and cheaply available courtesy of computers in all major languages.

How will librarians communicate the mighty flood of books? By computer-controlled system of document reduction, storage and retrieval by which a document can be reduced to less than a thousandth of its original area, linked with and when wanted be located in seconds. When I read so many books? Nobody. But computers can scan them at a terrific clip and cross index the subjects they cover so that anybody interested in a particular subject will know where to look.

Here are things computers are doing or are about to do in other fields that affect us all.

Law Law research computers have been developed. Information is fed into them by subjects—divorce, auto accidents, murder and so on — and they provide in minutes, citations and statutes that apply to a specific point of law and that it would otherwise take a lawyer hours or days to dig out. These machines are expected to help lawyers serve the public better and perhaps cheaper. It does will use them too in the preparation of judgments so they may raise the strain on overloaded courts.

Medicine U.S. public health service experiments have shown that computers can diagnose heart ailments by computing wave forms in an electrocardiograph with normal and abnormal wave forms the machines have already memorized. In time this will make possible the mass screening of children and adults for hidden heart disease. Computers are now being used to treat certain habit troubles, diseases by analyzing pain pains. They are analyzing brain waves to help scientists detect mental illness, and have enabled an analysis of a mass of data on inherited traits.

Education Progressive schools have not only begun to teach with computers but to teach about them for they recognize that a knowledge of computers is getting to be essential in Washington pupils numbers and in ten years old have actually tried programming computers and a regular programing course is being started at Cedarbrae secondary school, near Toronto.

Computers, of course, have for years been a research instrument at universities. The University of Toronto's first one calculated water levels along the proposed St. Lawrence Seaway in 1952—a study on which engineers based the design of the waterway. Now the U. of T. is awaiting its third and best, a $3,000,000 piece of IBM hardware 300 times faster than the one it's now using. Today its largest customer is its computers for their own administration requirements and for business courses as well as for research.

Science The 1,500,000 pound Saturn booster is being throttled by thousands of times instructions IBM 7090 data processing system the Stud Taiyoun University has on order. The cost of sending a million pound Saturn payload around the moon and back in this manner is $300 compared with millions of dollars for an actual flight. Wernher von Braun Huntsville buzz-bomb expert now engaged in the Saturn project has said that hundreds of experimental buzz-bomb flights had to be made, to obtain the data that would now come from a computer before a flight was ever attempted. This is not surprising. Computers can imitate, in mathematical theory a busy city street at rush hour (for traffic survey) or a blast furnace.

Defense All western defense is based on computers—warning systems, the development of weapons, the direction of retaliatory attacks. Russia's defense is also based on computers, and without having excellent ones Russia would not have been able to achieve what it has in space.

Government. Think any congressman in Washington and probably parliamentarians in Ottawa who use an invention of computers that would help their legislation—thus by thinking up duplications and unnecessary tangles in the law and indicating which laws should be changed. Ironically, this legislative branch of government is practically the only branch that doesn't already use computers extensively. U.S. economic planning is predicated on computers that simulates the U.S. economy itself on loss, and reacts statistically to indices that are constantly fed into it—steel production, retail sales, freight car loadings, farm prices and the like. In Canada the Bureau of Statistics relies extensively on a computer for its economic reports which serve as a guide for economic policies. In the U.S. the internal revenue department is now putting into operation a vast complex of computers from which tax cheaters will have very slim chances of escape. Every taxpayer will be a nine-digit number and there will be a master file with envelopes of every individual and business all of whom the machines will check relentlessly. The stake, an estimated $25,000,000,000 that taxpayers shortchange the U.S. annually. The psychological impact with the system still being set up droves of people are reported to be remembering slight and not-so-slight items of income they neglected to mention in their returns. What's happening in the U.S. is in store for Canada. The department of revenue is supplying leaders for a computer that would maintain a file on every Canadian taxpayer and is hoping to get it in operation by 1963.

Computers silently are touching our everyday lives in innumerable ways. At their most dramatic they are helping man unlock the secrets of the universe at their least dramatic they gently hum and whirr at the dull drudgery they are taking over from man. When they've mastered speech and hearing more thoroughly as they will they may even turn into office boys. But at least they'll be the kind that can be silenced by pulling a plug from an electric socket. ★

JASPER — By Simpkins





Perhaps
they won't have to
forget university
after all

IS THE HIGH COST OF HIGHER EDUCATION CLOSING THE DOOR ON YOUR HOPES FOR YOUR CHILDREN?

You have added up what they can earn themselves and what you can do to help. You may even be counting on a scholarship or bursary as well. Yet it's still not enough.

Often the extra amount you need is heartbreakingly small. Yet it is big enough to make the difference between university and—no university. And this at a time when our youth and our country both have greater need than ever for trained minds, specialized knowledge.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA HAS TAKEN STEPS TO HELP MEET THIS MODERN PROBLEM THROUGH SPECIAL UNIVERSITY TUITION LOANS.

Usually, these loans will be made to parents, guardians or sponsors of students attending or planning to attend Canadian universities and colleges. They are available in amounts up to $1,000 a year through four years.

Repayment may be arranged over a longer period than usual. In special cases it may even be extended beyond the four-year university period. In other words, these University Tuition Loans are set up on a flexible basis, on relatively liberal terms, to permit as many people as possible to take advantage of them.

A ROYAL BANK OF CANADA UNIVERSITY TUITION LOAN MAY BE THE ANSWER TO YOUR PROBLEM.

We believe this supplementary financial help will keep the door to the university open for many children whose parents are wondering if higher education for their children is beyond their reach. The Royal Bank, and your Royal Bank manager, share your concern in this personal and national problem. We invite you to come in and see whether a Royal Bank University Tuition Loan may not be the solution.

ROYAL BANK

ST. ANDREW'S

...a boy's world



by J. Robert Coulter, B.A., Headmaster

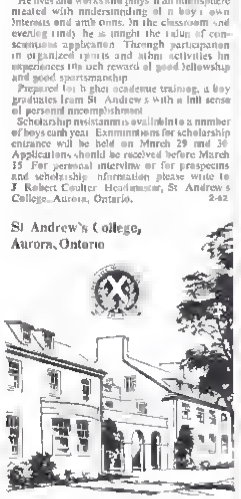
Every application which enables a boy to meet the future with confidence, poise and initiative is provided at St. Andrew's College.

He lives and works and plays in an atmosphere treated with understanding of a boy's own interests and ambitions. In the classroom and everyday study he is taught the value of conscientious application. Through participation in organized sports and other activities his experiences include reward of good fellowship and good sportsmanship.

Prepared for higher academic training, a boy graduates from St. Andrew's with a full sense of personal accomplishment.

Scholarship assistance is available to a number of boys each year. Examinations for scholarship entrance will be held on March 29 and 30. Applications should be received before March 15. For personal interview or for prospectus and scholarship information please write to J. Robert Coulter, Headmaster, St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ontario. 2-62

St. Andrew's College,
Aurora, Ontario



"MACLEAN'S"

Delivered to your home

One full year just $3.00

Ilan Macleans

481 University Ave., Toronto 2

Tools of a larcenous official: the faked sale, the kickback, the bylaw shuffle — and his wife

$13,833. Counsel said the judge had shown a totally lax display of dishonesty. The standard rule for a serious infraction is only $1,000.

Await from the weekend metropolitan binding columns of St. Catharines, Brantford and those solid small towns where human talents inverted $19,500 the winter before last, from the gave ornaments which rank high in both a cricket pitch, golf club president Charles Augustus Thomson openly told the story to anyone [illegible]. The human history [illegible] in both a fully live scene on the new bulk golf course, and he is not a rich man golfer.

Honest guilt is so highly developed in Quebec that a Montreal architect asked the Income Tax Appeal Board for a ruling on his kickback. To help your memory, he said, he had had to pay out $35,000 to get contracts for schools, churches and all sorts of things.

The Board turned him down. The government made it quite plain finally might be totally tolerable in Quebec, where politics admits what politicians call the cynical right. But in the rest of Canada the system would collapse. Let the giant Lawful politics be it. Things aren't what they seem, and the requisite for breach of trust is misunderstood respectable [illegible].

[illegible] Roy Kennedy was held to sanity high regain to the national capital that the D. Roy Kennedy Public School was named in his honor. He was lawyer for Gloucester Township and elder of St. Andrew's Church and for thirty-three years he served on Ottawa's school board, thirteen terms as finance committee chairman, eight times as chairman of the board.

At a meeting on December 22, 1960, the board chaired by Kennedy sold some land to Donald Hedrick. The finance committee, chaired by Evan Brown, had set the price $12,500. It was a routine matter, except for the presence of some school children there to see democracy in action.

I would have been forgetting, but for a rare moment of clarity in record in the deceptive [illegible] of the land. The board reversed the deal three months later. But when the [illegible] were filed they showed corrections [illegible] hands. The amended dated December 1.

Transferred the land for $12,500 from Harold Hedrick to W. A. (Evan) Brown. The solicitor in the sale was D. Roy Kennedy.

When the Ottawa Citizen broke this story Brown through his realty company was well in on with the building of $300,000 apartment. The Citizen hired an appraiser. The apartment, the land he said, was worth $600,000. Large but not unconscionable profit in such transactions.

Mr. Brown resigned from the board and gave the land back. Mr. Kennedy refused to wanks to resign. He had not, he said, done anything wrong or illegal.

Neither had England's Mayor Don Mackay done more than optimize the open western nature. He had merely accepted a few gifts. From a Montreal [illegible] seeking his and seven service for an apartment project — a dishwasher. From a [illegible] shipping company — $1,200 worth of furniture. From the agent of a New York syndicate dealing in hit city land — free flights to Mexico and Hawaii and two $2,000 loans, both written off. From a contractor doing business with the city — $3,500 worth of additions to his home. But said the mayor with tears in his eyes, following no inquiry judge's censuring. For whatever years the Lord may grant me, I will never admit I have been guilty of any thing meriting [illegible] of judgment.

This debonairly in our morals was summed up rather neatly in 1960 by Donald Donaghy, QC, investigating the park board in Vancouver. Park Board Superintendent P. H. St. Syd had bought from the park stores for $20 a fireplace valued at $200. And similar judgment that he was supposed to advertise for sale. Strayed, he'd broken the law and high-handedly defied council in placing contracts but his [illegible]. Donaghy said, remained unblemished.

[illegible] Conservatives Canada agreed in theory with George Drew who as Tory leader in 1955 said: "The rules of conduct are clear. There must not only be an absence of conflict of interest but there must be no appearance to the public that there could be any conflict of interest."

In practice it seem to agree with U.S. president John Adams, who concluded in [illegible] days that corruption was necessary that government could be held intelligent only by the extreme power of public pleasure. The frontier spirit was opportunism and initiative and the city today is a kind of frontier right now. Original change where we live by the frontiersman motto: The Lord helps those who help themselves.

One helps oneself best in a period of growth by dealing in land. It's interesting to see the outstanding zeal for public service displayed by those whose business is handling property, says Ross Hoggart, writing on municipal affairs for Saturday's Star. "When the building boom in Scarborough where I live was at its height at least seven of the candidates for council were builders, subdividers, real estate agents or lawyers representing subdividers. In the last elections in Vaughan a lawyer went to no end to get a permit for an apartment house. When the council turned him down he ran for mayor. One wonders why."

This question was answered succinctly in 1960's elections in Vaughan Township where the farmland is fast becoming suburban Toronto. Running for reeve was Ernest W. Argyle, an associate of John Spanner, whose two development companies sought permits and subsidies from the council. Running for deputy reeve was Ron Ennis, a Toronto real-estate man who now lists himself as an investor. And running for councilman was Brann Knight, solicitor for two land companies. They were offering to serve, they said in the cause of progress.

The simplest technique for furthering progress goes back to the Roman military stories. Their tribunes used inflation to buy public land at book values of what would today be called assessment price.

Thus in Eastview in 1953 Dan Salvini of the then property reeve. Mrs. Cenin Paquette bought lots for $200 which an independent appraiser later valued at three times that figure. The wife of councillor Thomas Reeve Marcel Robert paid $375 for land valued at $1,500 to $7,000. And Mrs. Yolande Labelle, the treasurer's daughter-in-law of the clerk, got for $1,000 a piece land for land valued with $13,000 to $15,000.

These deals can be easily and decently veiled by devices such as the swop. At a special meeting of Eastview council in 1952 Mr. J. G. Kelly was given exclusive lots on Montreal Road plus [illegible] $3500



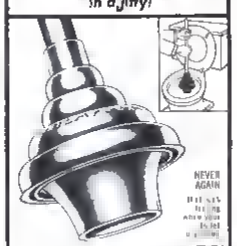
Living high on the hog... and suffering?

Rich foods, an ebing and flowing, plus rushed living often cause stomach miseries. But with a roll of TUMS handy, you get relief *fast*. When acid indigestion strikes eat one or two TUMS—no water or gloss needed. Mild minty TUMS are pleasant to take, and there's never any after-taste. Carry TUMS with you ... and keep them at home in the new 100-tablet bottle.

TUMS

for the tummy

POWERFUL NEW PLUNGER CLEARS
CLOGGED TOILETS
in a jiffy!



NEVER AGAIN

TOILAFLEX
Toilet ALL ANGLE Plunger

Ordinary plungers just don't seal properly. They permit compressed air and water to splash back. Thus you not only have a messy job you lose the very pressure you need to clear the obstruction.

With "Toilaflex" especially designed bell ballats, no air or water can escape. The full pressure plows through the clogging mass and washes it down. Can't miss!

- DOUBLE SIZE CUP BOUNCE PRESSURE
- DESIGNED TO FLEX AT ANY ANGLE
- CENTERS ITSELF, CAN'T SKID AROUND
- TAPERED TAIL GIVES AIR TIGHT FIT

$3.49 fully guaranteed

AT MOST HARDWARE STORES

KEEP YOUR
RED CROSS
ON THE JOB

parking space. In return he agreed to give the town a playground.

Such a trade is normally supervised by the Department of Municipal Affairs, whose watchdogs guard the taxpayers' interests. They were aided by the municipal Tory MPPD Gordon Lovegrove, who himself telephoned the facts to the department. The town was getting a pound of land "when the size of the one being deeded to Mr. Kelly" said the latter nonfirming his call "with a fully constructed playhouse with all conveniences, a large wading pool, a ball diamond [illegible] (and) grass and shade trees all around, which has been prepared at a cost of $25,300."

Eight years later Eastview's architectural debt forced the government watchdogs to supervise in somewhat closer detail. The playground, said its report, was 95,000 square feet. The town had given Kelly 11,400 square feet. Kelly had spent "about $1,000 for fill and tile together with an unknown amount for shade trees."

The main point would be the building, and as to this we can only judge by the fact that a building which was erected to replace the one supplied by Kelly was in 1959 assessed at $3,400 — actual value. Then appraiser valued the plot ground at $7,500 the property Kelly acquired at $48,000.

AT THE LAST MEETING of Ontario mayors and reeves a mayor proclaimed that he was known as the man who breaks the bylaws. His audience applauded. They were no doubt applauding themselves as unlettered men of no less ethical virtues are that in breach of trust the cardinal attribute knowing laws on the books that can be broken — when desirable.

Mr. Norman Green and his brother in a typical case in point paid $34,500 in 1958 for three lots in the township of York outside Toronto. They wanted to build three duplexes. Definitely not. Reeve Fred Hall told Norman York's zoning law permitted only duplexes. Disentangled the Greens sold out next year at a loss of $2,000 to Abram Zakin, a contractor.

Mr. Zakin took out three permits marked "duplex with finished basement." His blueprints showed a recreation room in the basement directly under the first floor living room. They showed a "bar" beneath the first floor kitchen. Under each bedroom was storage space, and in the bathroom a "toilet." Mr. Zakin, through his knowledge of synonyms — and York Council — was able to rent this duplex when completed to three families which made the land worth some $5,500 more to him than to Mr. Green.

York's Commissioner of Works, Orville Fells, sought frequent reports on such duplexes in the Lansdowne and General Purposes of York Council. There has been an application for a building on a street zoned for two family dwellings. He would say, "they are roughing in plumbing and heavy wiring, in the basement. I think this should be refused or something should be done about it."

"Thank you Mr. Fells, we have heard your report," the chairman Fred Hall would reply. "We will put the application over for decision later." A week or two later the application would come up again, says a witness, and it would be a matter of everyone to favor it.

York's planning consultant Gordon Pitt has warned to 1956 that population density in the township was dangerously high. Next year Fells reported 122 violations to 191 buildings. The basements in the duplexes he told the committee were being [illegible] practically ready for occupation except to the three name plates on the front."

We have heard your report, thank you Mr. Fells, said the chairman.

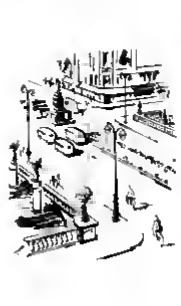
The Humewood Ratepayers' Association complained that "these triplexes are illegally changing the character of portions of our community for possibly three or four decades. They are built on lots with a width of twenty-five feet or less [illegible] have as little as one foot side yard clearance [illegible] proper parking. [illegible] and windows are built on side walls facing into side-by-side windows in the next triplex across narrow dark alleyways."

The council asked for examples on which they could prosecute. The Association named two. Council then dismissed it wouldn't be fair to single out two "having knowledge" as the clerk of the township said "that many other similar violations have occurred."

Sixty percent of councils in Ontario seem to think they have individual discretion to keep or break their own bylaws, said J. W. F. Curtin, an assistant deputy minister in the Department of Municipal Affairs, at the afore-mentioned meeting of mayors and reeves of Ontario. His ministry, William Wattsmiller, when asked about Curtin's remarks said they might have been a bit hasty but he couldn't criticize Carter for them. He himself knew a municipality that had been violating statute for two generations but no one, he said, "is being harmed."

IN OUR WESTERN CIVILIZATION, says E. A. Gotlieb in The Expanding Environment, specialists and contractors, gains are the driving power behind the unlimited growth of the cities.

The principle here is that land is worth what you put on it. Why wait years for prices to slowly rise by the laws of supply and demand when the stroke of a pen on a



DUBLIN



LONDON



EDINBURGH

NOW EVERYONE CAN AFFORD TO TELEPHONE BRITAIN AND EIRE!

as little as $6.75 from anywhere in Canada

Canada now has the lowest overseas calling rate ever. A substantial 25% reduction in this rate made possible by the increasing use of the service and the additional circuits provided by the newly completed cable between the U.K. and Canada.

This greatly increased cable capacity means overseas telephone service is faster, clearer, better than ever — as easy as making any other telephone call.

So why never your reason for being in touch with Britain or Eire — business or personal.

NEW LOW RATES

Daytime	$9.00 (reduced from $12)
Nights and Sundays	$6.75 (reduced from $9)

Rates for a 3-minute call

TELEPHONE . . . get answers and reactions immediately . . . enjoy all the advantages of personal conversation at new low rates

THROUGH FACILITIES OF
TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM
AND
CANADIAN OVERSEAS TELECOMMUNICATION CORPORATION



All right. I know Honeywell made it. But what on earth is a gas manifold — and what does it do?

The Honeywell Gas Manifold control* is probably the most important control on your gas furnace. First of all, it safely regulates the flow of gas to the pilot burner. It also contains the main control valve which automatically turns the burner on when your Honeywell thermostat calls for heat. And, of course, it turns the burner off when the need for heat is satisfied.

The Honeywell Gas Manifold control regulates gas pressure, too. Meters gas to the burner at just the right pressure for economical and efficient firing. It also performs the vital safety function of automatically shutting off the flow of gas if your pilot burner ever goes out.

That's why this control is so important—and why you should insist on Honeywell controls when you're buying a new gas furnace, boiler, space heater or water heater.



The Honeywell Round
world's most
popular thermostat

Honeywell

H First trol

The Honeywell Gas Manifold control shown here is one of many Honeywell controls produced by Honeywell for furnaces and boilers.

You'll get more comfort from your gas fired heating system with a Honeywell Round thermostat.

permit for an apartment or shopping centre like a magic wand, can turn cheap land into wealth!

In April of '53 York Township sold land zoned for single houses to Mrs. Isobel Bushes, who agreed to build fifteen houses in two years. In May the council bypassed its bylaw to let Mrs. Bushes build two three and four-family houses. Her investment, about $40,000 in cash, rose in value. In September council passed a bylaw permitting apartments to be built. Her investment rose once again. She was able now to sell out, without building, more than a rough road for a profit of $125,000.

A tidy fortune can thus be made with very little capital. In March of 1954 a builder came to Reeve Hall. He wanted half an acre of township land. He offered $10,500 if he could put up an apartment block.

The reeve recommended the offer to the township council. It was a good deal for York, he said. That was filled land, requiring pile-driving (later estimated at $10,000). Yet the builder, he said, was willing to pay $20,000 an acre. "A lot of money."

The application came before the committee on April 4. The builder, Oaklyn Investments Co., presented plans for a ten-story build-ing with 100 suites and parking for fifty one cars. This was crowding the lot a bit. It meant setting the building thirty inches from the sidewalk. But the committee agreed to break the bylaw that called for a ten-foot setback.

On April 13, Municipal Affairs gave its blessing, and on June 9 the permit came through — for twelve stories with 117 suites. It overflowed the lot. The reinforcing walls and concrete ramp had to be built on adjacent parkland. And since luckily the street was lengthened, Oaklyn painted part of it for parking and put up signs:

RESERVED PARKING
TENANTS ONLY
ALL OTHER PARKING PROHIBITED

A year later Wintha Commissioner Falls raised the matter. The committee felt it only fair that Oaklyn should pay for the street and parkland. They set a price of $15,000. Oaklyn offered $9,000. Mr. Falls felt they might have the land appraised. The appraisers set its value "without any penalty ... for the trespass" at $47,500.

The committee resolved to hold the matter over until the next meeting. Next meeting they resolved that it be tabled. And there it rests, with Oaklyn in possession of land worth, at least, $150,000, land that cost, by one estimate, $20,500.

THE MANNER IN WHICH Oaklyn bought this land is instructive.

On March 1, the township treasurer, James Chessar, had an offer from Oaklyn of $7,500. Ten days later a Dunnan Piotrowski offered $10,000. Oaklyn upped its offer next day to $10,500.

When three months by Pierre Berton finally forced an investigation, a Mr. Merkur, an Oaklyn executive, was asked: "Why did it occur to you to increase your offer?"

"I called to find out how my offer was going, and ultimately I was told it was unacceptable."

"With whom did you speak?"

Mr. Merkur was vague. "Mr. Chessar or someone in his office," he said. "I think I asked him would $10,000 buy it, and he said I can't answer that. He said: Whatever you are prepared to offer put it on paper, put something along that line."

Does it not appear, Mr. Merkur inquired, asked Mr. Chessar, as if Oaklyn must have had some information about the Piotrowski offer?

That would be possible, agreed Mr. Chessar, but certainly not from me.

THE METHOD OF BUYING land known as "open competitive bidding" has obvious advantages for a council. But sometimes, to avoid an appearance of favoritism, civic politicians will call for sealed tenders.

Tendering can be risky for a buyer. He will lose his deposit if he backs out. And not knowing what the other bidders are offering for the land he might even feel he should offer what it is worth.

Tendering therefore calls for the expertise of a builder like Alex J. Rubin. In August of 1955 he offered to buy land from York, about three quarters of it industrial, for $8,000 an acre. He signed an agreement of sale. Then council called in an appraiser. He appraised it, after deducting the cost of services at a little more than $10,000 an acre. That decided council in favor of low tenders.

They advertised in November — in rather small print and dull prose — lands "on which to erect private residences" and lands "on which to erect buildings for light industry." They drew ten bids, which the mayor, in public and handed in. York's solicitor, asking him to report at their next meeting.

The highest bidder for the industrial land, he reported, was Alex J. Rubin — $8,106 an acre. The next highest offer was less than half as much. For the other parcel J. Del Zotto had topped the bid by $14,900.

At this same meeting two letters were read. One was from Mr. Rubin. He had raised, he said, in calculating the size of the land, and would like to cancel our offer to purchase. The second was from J. Del Zotto. He too bowed out. And since their letters had been received at the township solicitor noted before their tenders had been accepted all deposits of course were returned.

The committee waited nine months to try again. They advertised briefly, in terms a little less eye-catching than before. Only one bidder responded, Alex J. Rubin. He bid $6,016 an acre. Council resolved to accept. So while the land was rising in price Mr. Rubin with consummate skill had progressively lower and got it.

The procedure in bidding for contracts is diametrically opposite. Low to begin with, then rising progressively higher. Thus the city hall roof in the capital of Quebec, which La Maison Fallofian agreed to repair for $5,000 plus fifteen percent, added up in the end to $14,983.11 — a special kind of addition best practiced by companies with an all-Canadian had Falardian) who pursue a cult alderman.

IN COURT BIDDERS seem either tolerant of civic corruption or not quite able to make up their minds. There were no convictions for bribery after the inquiry in York, though conviction charges were laid against Reeve Hall, William Graham, a deputy reeve, and Harold Linden, a lawyer on council. But the judge did not rule on whether a bribe had actually been given. He diverted acquittal because a permit supposed to have been paid for had been passed by council two days *before* the alleged bribe took place. The Court of Appeal for Ontario ordered a new trial, which Messrs. Lindon, Graham and Hall have now appealed to the Supreme Court of Canada.

In 1957 Arthur Mason, a Kingston businessman, wanted the city's permit for a penthouse for his company. At a meeting in a Toronto hotel room in January, he said, he was told by a Kingston public utilities commissioner, Thomas Andrew, "You are not going to get Kingston without some help." Mr. Mayor (Frank Bolton) and I are going to get something out of this."

Accordingly Mason said at Boyer's inquiry, he wrote a letter "If the Consumers' Gas Company are successful in leasing or purchasing the gas division of the Kingston Public Utilities Commission, I agree to pay you a minimum of $10,000 in cash." The letter, he said, was written "in bad faith," to see how far the city officials would go.

This letter was received in March by Mayor Bolton. He had no intention of taking the bribe, he explained. He had kept it secret because "it would ruin Mason." The judge called it a sorry sordid story from beginning to end." But juries acquitted both the accused.

CONFLICT OF INTEREST, successful or not, is illegal. But as Ottawa's Mayor Charlotte Whitton points out, what one person cannot do legally, several people company can. A limited company needs only three directors. These, she says, "may include your wife, your brother or any of your sisters and your cousins and your aunts. Then you can sell to or buy from the city in your bank account."

In Hamilton firms owned by Archie McCuaig had, $198,000 worth of business from the city and the firm of his brother-in-law, on which McCuaig held a chattel mortgage, has built business worth $900,000 — this since McCuaig was elected to council between 1948 and 1960 (in Canada). Hamilton Construction Company has had contracts totaling $566,000 from Windsor's utility commission, of which Gordon Fullm is a member. What is information and legal is soon common and condoned.

Even illegality — concealing one's conflict of interest — carries no more risk than normal legal business practice, a paradox that Justice Marshall Porter explains in summing up the case of William Hawrelak. "Wrong has become right because it is often repeated," he said.

Hawrelak was mayor of Edmonton until 1959, a vote-getter without peer. So evidently, popular and able that the Liberals, before they lost their hold on the nation, had him earmarked for a federal cabinet post. He was a man to inspire faith, as his fellow officials testified.

The mayor, in the classic tradition, bought land cheap, transferred it to the company he secretly owned. Metropolitan Investments then used his influence to get it rezoned for such desirable properties as a shopping centre, a motel and a gas station. He accepted from the Imperial Bank, which handled the city's banking, 140 shares in Alberta Gas Trunk Line on which, said Mr. Justice Porter, "there was a quick and ready profit." From Transmountain Pipe Line, whose success in competing for gas might well force city gas prices higher, he accepted 300 units at $150 each, which gave him, Porter said, "a certain and immediate profit." And while mayor he was on the payroll of Poblaws Inc. $20,000 a year, while that company was seeking a warehouse site, which of course the mayor procured.

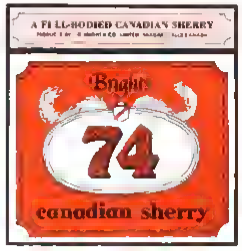
The city shed, Justice Porter's report in receipt $226,000. Mayor Hawrelak in running speech said he "felt impelled to resign." His motives, however, did not include remorse. He rejected "the principle — which seems to flow from this report — he said "that a person upon accepting public office must relinquish and avoid all private business ties. I believe in electing me to the office of mayor, the citizens of Edmonton expressed a desire to entrust this position to a businessman." And applying sound business principles he settled for $100,000.

Mayor Hawrelak had broken the law. He had failed to reveal his conflicting interests. So had Lavergne, D. Roy Kennedy,



Reminds me... two bottles of 74 Sherry!

74 Sherry, a wine aged in small oak barrels in Bright's wine cellars, is made from special grapes grown in the Niagara Peninsula.



Brights
FINE CANADIAN Wines
SINCE 1874



Say **Corby's** for the

GOOD, CLEAN TASTE

of true Canadian Whisky

The real test of a fine Canadian whisky like Corby's is in good company... pharmacists, English connoisseurs and those who like all other whiskies. It's an enjoyable whisky, good company, a delightful investment opportunity. Buy a bottle of Corby's and experience its enjoyable quality for no whisky is more truly Canadian than Corby's.



WHAT'S NEW about **PURE BARBADOS** *Fancy* **MOLASSES**

A PRODUCT OF
THE BARBADOS DAIRY INDUSTRIES LTD
ST. JOHN, BARBADOS, W.I.

Finally there's nothing new about PURE BARBADOS — it's been a world favorite since 1903. Basically the same superior process is used today to make it. But year after year thousands of new people across the land are introduced to it. It's a mellow tasting food, an excellent source of carbohydrates and an unsurpassed source of food energy. *Buy it and try it TODAY!*



Send for your **FREE** RECIPE BOOK

BARBADOS FANCY MOLASSES LTD
P.O. Box 10, HALIFAX, N.S. CANADA

Please send me your FREE RECIPE BOOK
English Edition
French Edition
(Check which is desired)

NAME

ADDRESS

WA1760 (Please PRINT clearly)

RED CROSS serves you and your community in so many ways

•

YOUR HELP IS NEEDED NOW

dozens of others. But no penalties were exacted. None exist.

We may restrict and publicize as much as we like — said the Hon. C. G. Power — writing an corruption a decade ago — but if we do not equip ourselves with the teeth of penalty and give them a sharp biting edge, we might just as well not bother.

The sole penalty for failing to disclose a conflict of interest was spelled out last year by Ontario premier Hon. Leslie Frost. That failure is noted in the minutes. The public that has confidence in a duly sworn public official deserves nothing more.

Such a law rests on the premise that civic politicians are not incorruptible. Like any other citizen they can't be legislated honest. Voters have the power and duty to punish if any lapse into any or all of the offences listed above or otherwise of a municipality. With a go-ahead from the Municipal Affairs departmental officers can hit the trail in a fudge can provide only a full-scale investigation back by the entire provincial police apparatus.

But drawing a matter of conflict of interest is not quite like that. When René Emilien Bilodeau, Lachine police chief, was charged with depositing cheques that had been issued to the department, the department did not seem to share his desire to hold an inquiry. When taxpayers in Clarence Township in Eastern Ontario asked for a probe the department refused and would not say why. When taxpayers in Clarence Township in Eastern Ontario asked for a probe the department refused and would not say why. It showed dozens of payments not properly supported by vouchers. Something was culturally wrong in that municipality, says Liberal MPP Vernon Singer — but nothing was done. No charges were made. Not only that, but when the township refused to pay for its audit the province paid for it.

In 1960 ninety eight citizens of Port View, a suburb of Ottawa, asked for a probe to stave off impending bankruptcy. The department of municipal affairs laughed off the request. It was only after the mayor, a municipal boss in contract land and taxes, and the final money was missing from the treasury, made civil resistance humanly impossible to avoid.

The so called "respecting local autonomy" expressing a view that seems prevalent everywhere. Ontario's Minister of Municipal Affairs said last year that his department had no intention of investigating itself or spending communities. As investigations of inspectors, he said, would be "a disgrace."

Like the man who resolved to stay out of the water until he had learned to swim, the department will not take action until the victim can prove corruption — in which case they do not need the department. It seems as the whim of a highly placed politician may be called as a civil servant until proven guilty.

The result of this curiously schizoid attitude was demonstrated in Malton. Ontario's working mans town in the Toronto planning district. Early last year a Malton theatre owner Robert Walton was closed down after a visit by Jack Brock, the building inspector. Walton told that Brock had been angling for a bribe. He set out to prove that some people were breaking the law and getting away with it.

He was not Malton's only outraged citizen. An engineer, Ernest McKee, had gone to Brock to complain that a building using next door to him was too close to its lot line. If it did not on your property, he said Brock told him... there's nothing you can do about it.

McKee accused council of having a builder violate its laws. Council asked a solicitor for his views. Since "the builder was led to believe, by persons in authority that he could depart from the permit," he said a court might be reluctant to compel a person to tear down a house." When finally council took it to court the charge was dismissed. It had not been made as required within six months of the violation.

Edward Dingman, a member of Malton's planning board, took a similar view.

PARADE

Bottoms up



[illegible] arrived [illegible] the dust [illegible] Toronto Star. [illegible] Ontario [illegible] Chairman [illegible] taking time [illegible] pump out the water [illegible] himself to bring in [illegible]

Punch puts [illegible] Parliament [illegible] Harlech [illegible]

plant in Books office. Brock, he said, looked up from his desk and inquired: "What the hell do you want?" Book wouldn't let him see permits or plans he said, which are public documents, and when he complained to council the chairman of the property board, James Ferrin, gave him the worst bitch I've had in Malton from anyone.

Mr. Walton's campaign had bogged down and Dingman could see the records he then turned them closed to him. Then he was told he could see them, but only for one hour a day, and only when the building inspector was there. The building inspector had only three days. Finally, when Walton's lawyer came he was told that the records couldn't be copied.

He took his frustration to columnist Pierre Berton. Berton stepped on the tape of the heathen, illegally filled to create an apartment jungle of what had been a pretty little community. He asked how Jack Brock, who had endured a long expensive illness, could on $4,900 a year support his children, buy property, build a new home, drive a late model car and holiday in Florida?

Berton's columns got Malton's new town mayor, Hugh Griggs, on the spot. He had to have an investigation. In half the blood of gossip. After nine nights with affidavits of the Department of Municipal Affairs, he announced an inquiry, modest. See Page 24] of the Municipal Act. The letter council use public funds to investigate itself. At the next meeting, council hired Walter Martin, a lawyer whom presumably they felt would be most diligent in prosecuting the case against his clients. As an added precaution some Malton ratepayers chipped in for another lawyer, Anthony Golden. Twenty eight and still idealistic.

Golden got in touch with Martin. We agreed that this was not a trial," Golden says. "It was an attempt to ascertain all the facts. I said I had a list of bylaw infractions that would have to be put in shape we would need an architect and an engineer. I said I had a list of witnesses would he pay for the cost of subpoenaing them? He said 'Anything we need we'll get.' I was happy about his attitude. I turned over all my evidence to him. I thought I'd just be assisting him.

"I saw him at the Malton Council office the next morning. 'There's nothing wrong with these buildings,' he said. 'Had been going over my list with Brock and Farrin, head of the property committee and he told me how *they* interpreted the bylaws. Well I was a little upset but I thought he was just getting the other side of the story. Bob Walton was upset too. He decided to drive Mr. Martin around Malton. Walton showed him thirty or forty addresses where things seemed to be wrong. Later Mr. Martin told me he couldn't see anything wrong with these properties either.

In the meantime I had suggested we have an investigator. John Garrett, Walton's solicitor, George Gould, who said he'd have to take it up with the town solicitor, George Gould, who said he'd have to take it up with council. Council refused. They also refused to hire an architect or a surveyor. The ratepayers canvassed door-to-door for funds. We weren't very successful," says Bill Longridge, one of their leaders. "People would say, 'What's the use? You can't do anything.'"

The inquiry at first bogged down in a vilification of Golden's witnesses by the battery of high-priced lawyers representing Brock and the council and those zealots and builders who thought they had something to worry about. But slowly a picture of Malton emerged.

An actual estate salesman named Joseph Maher, who claimed to have sold seventy five percent of all the land sold in Malton, said that all but one percent of its building permits broke the law. "It goes on everywhere," he said. "There's always somebody who can be bought off."

At first, he explained, we were trying to earn bungalows in between houses. Then a permit for a triplex was issued to Kilkish and the town was blown open." That was the biggest building till "Sam Traub built the first duplex. He was the only one building them. I told 'Sam how do you do it?' I said. I can't seem to get a permit for them. What have I got to do? Sit on the inspector's knee to get a permit?" And he said 'No, go upstairs to the boss and sit on his knee.'"

Who was the boss?" asked Golden. Was he referring to the town clerk?"

"He might have been."

"What was the town clerk of that time?"

"James Farrin."

Golden went to see Traub. He was just leaving for Florida. Golden says "He wasn't sure if he might not be going to Arizona — he was going for his health, you see. Well we didn't have enough money to dig for correspondence evidence. I was paying John Garrett out of my own pocket and he was working day and night for very little. My secretary was out serving subpoenas. I had a student making interrogations. All we could do was scratch around till we found someone who had heard a builder say he had paid out money.

One of these was Anne C. Burgess, a real-estate saleslady. She said that in 1956 when Ferrie was the town clerk she had been due to meet Mr. Traub at the town hall for a meeting, about a permit to build duplexes. When she arrived Traub was already leaving. He ran toward her, she said, saying "Get into the car! Get into the car! This has just cost me $100!"

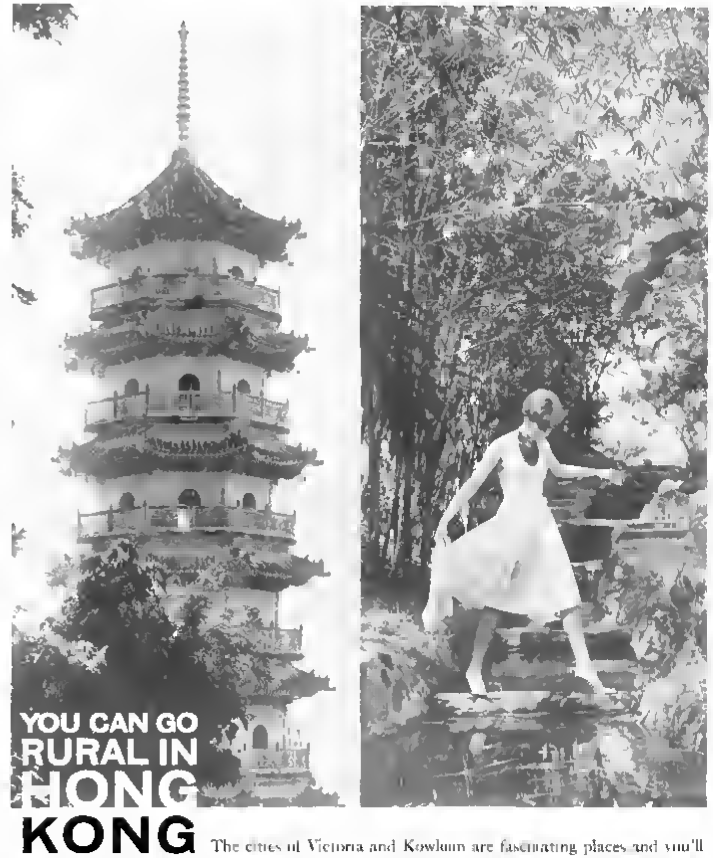
I was shocked," Mrs. Burgess said. "I just looked at him and I said 'Whom did you give it to?' And he said 'Jimmy Farrin.'"

Mr. Martin later objected to this information. Mr. Golden he said is guilty of the worst type of irresponsible conduct a lawyer can be guilty of. I think his conduct so far is beneath contempt." If he had checked the town receipts before he led such evidence he would have found said Martin that the $500 was for sewers.
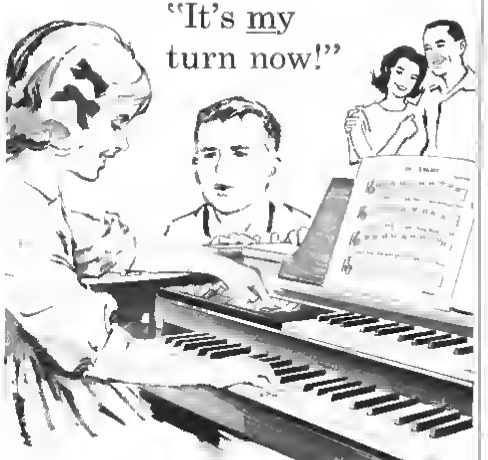
Well I checked that at lunch hour," Golding says and there *was* a receipt for sewers — for $343 paid on a Tuesday, one day after the $500 that Mrs. Burgess mentioned. So the $100 couldn't have been for sewers. And Farrie hadn't planned it had been paid. So what was it for?"

But this was hearsay evidence like the





The cities of Victoria and Kowloon are fascinating places and you'll spend most of your time in one or the other. But surrounding the cities are over 350 square miles of wonderful country... compact enough to allow you to see everything, yet differing in character from one area to the next. There are lofty mountains, streams, sandy beaches, tea plantations, temples, ancient forts, picturesque islands, fishing villages... all within easy reach of your hotel. *Bonus*. Hong Kong couldn't be more Oriental, yet you'll have no language problems, for English is spoken all through the Colony. Plan to make Hong Kong the base for your tour of the Orient; write for information to Hong Kong Tourist Association, Box 2597, Hong Kong, or see your Travel Agent.



Yes, children love to make music on the new

ELECTROHOME
Kinsman ● ELECTRONIC ORGAN

It's so easy to play! Even one finger virtuosos can enjoy making music on an Electrohome-Kinsman Organ. A special "pointer system" is a shortcut for those who can't read a note. The accomplished performer as well will discover a lifetime of new musical experience.

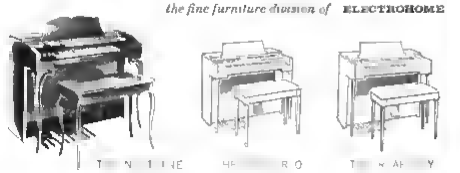
You have an orchestra at your fingertips! Violin, piano, guitar, clarinet ... these are only a few of the instrumental effects at your command. Combine them in a hundred ways ... experimenting is half the fun!

The superb sound quality must be heard to be believed. Electrohome is the acknowledged leader in stereo reproduction. Now they bring you the finest in electronic organs too.

Fina furniture styling by Dolcroft is the ultimate in assurance of beauty and good taste. Cabinets are fully finished on all sides for a "room divider" look. Hand-rubbed woods are protected for a lifetime by miracle Duroseal finish.

Welcome the pleasure of music into your home. See and play the Electrohome Kinsman soon.

Three superb cabinet stylings by DOLCROFT
the fine furniture division of ELECTROHOME



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Please send illustrated folders on the Electrohome Kinsman Organ.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY PROV.

evidence against Book. A builder had testified that he gave Book a gift of some $70 — but he was somewhat evasive with Book admitted taking a five-day expense-free holiday in Florida as the guest of Montreal's biggest real-estate agent — but as he explained they were boyhood chums. Over strong objections by Walter Martin and Books counsel Golden was ordered Book's bank records.

Book grew hoarse and ruddy-faced and pugnacious when Goldfarb questioned him on his new garage. Book said it had been paid for with two cheques for $371.50 and $644.50.

"And did you receive the money for the garage from some other person?"

I did, sir.

"What other person Mr. Book?"

"Your Honor," Book appealed to Judge J. Arthur Shea. "May I ask that the name not be divulged? It is a member of my family. She was very sick at the present."

Goldfarb did not want to appear to be heartless. He dismissed the issue, checking and recalled Book.

"You told me ... you obtained funds for the garage from a relative. Is the name I withheld I went to reveal?"

"I said that the funds were obtained from a relative."

At this time, the garage was paid for. Mr. Dehlin's final cheque was handed over to $371.50.

It was.

"This person (the relative) provided the money?"

"She did not."

"It was Mr. J. Kavcee?" (A builder in Montreal.)

"Yes, sir."

"I suggest you lied to me when you said the money came from a relative."

"I am not here to listen to your suggestions. ... I said I obtained the funds for the garage from a relative."

In fact, said Golden, "the garage was entirely paid for by Kavcee and Kastelle (another builder)."

They had loaned him the money, Book said.

"How much interest are you paying?"

"No interest."

What was the date that you were to repay this money?"

No date specified ... [illegible] when I could." The relative he explained had sent the money "later on" when he was in debt. If he was in such bad financial shape asked Judge Shea, why had he bought a $1,600 boat? An "oddity any human mistake," said Mr. Book.

Last month Judge Shea reported on the Montreal inquiry. He found Book had taken favors from real estate agent and builders and had deliberately tried to deceive the hearing. Despite this and despite what he called the many "open, obvious illegalities" bylaw violations during Montreal's very deplorable building situation in 1959-60, Judge Shea did not recommend that legal action be taken against Book or anyone else.

At the writing Montreal council seemed to agree. "The mayor," says Golden, "now says it's too bad about Book. He made a mistake — he shouldn't have borrowed money from a builder. So he's still the building inspector. The system hasn't let up its flush corruption."

THE POLITICAL ATTITUDE toward civic corruption is perfectly practical. Says a high ranking civil servant who prefers to remain anonymous: "The weekending role that the auditor general plays in the federal government — could you get that job in the local provincial level? The politicians would say: 'What are you trying to do — get me voted out of office?' Party power derives from the grass roots very often the civic machine.

Let us take the case of Arnprior, in eastern Ontario. Here the Arnprior Development Company selling retail new subdivision, agreed in 1957 to pay for water and sewers at called lots by bylaw. Next year, company lawyer drafted another agreement transferring the cost of the sewers to the taxpayers. There as corroborated the two lawyers lifted lots. The lawyers were J. J. Greene, then provincial Liberal leader, and Chairman of the Ontario Liberal Party in Ontario and Gerald Mulvihill, president of the local Conservative association.

Conflict of interest is not unknown in higher politics. As popular patriotism made money, bringing rational gain to the card, so coincidentally did polarians. Three members of the Ontario cabinet, which controlled the pipeline, made respectively $11,000, $18,847 and $358,383. A key fund raiser for the Tory party made $69,050 and the company, Northern

PARADE

Why children should be seen but not heard

Canadian billionaire Hamm, on a gun emotion of [illegible] writers to judge, from Paradise mail from all over. When it came time, let seconds of a turkey dinner in Victoria, a [illegible] asked rudely: "Could I please have some more of that delicious bread [illegible] ate? And after a big helping, his father



was on getting [illegible] four-year-old boy in Ainsworth, B.C. was [illegible] he couldn't [illegible] for his bedtime story. "Got ants in your pants?" asked his father. "Jump, that's it." No, answered the tike, but I might have [illegible] in my [illegible]. Parent [illegible] getting pretty sharp, too, though. A [illegible] stranger in a family playroom in Campbell River, B.C. sent father up to investigate, muttering, "I wonder what these kids have stepped fighting about?"

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, 777 MacLean's.

Ontario Natural Gas sold the top Ontario lot by A. D. McKenzie, president of the Ontario Progressive Conservative Association, a huge block of stock and gave him a $6,000 a year retainer to represent them. In Quebec, where Quebec Natural Gas needed cabinet approval, it [illegible] over the gas facilities of Quebec Hydro. Five ministers, Premier Duplessis, executive secretary, [illegible] other prominent politicians and three top officials of Quebec Hydro all made sizable profits on stock.

In politics more than any field, civil servants are relative. The voters are bribed with promises. Party loyalty is a commodity bought and sold by campaign donations. The client fee given in return for support is another kind of bribe. "The most deadly sin in politics" as U. S. Senator Peel Douglas said is ingratitude and a refusal to return favors.

Few politicians would care to have everything brought into the light. They scandal becomes a greater crime than malfeasance. Meekiekerr" growls a well known politician significantly. "I'd shoot 'em between the eyes. You damn the Liberals and the Conservatives and nine fifty percent of the voters. Communist. When Donald MacDonald, who leads Ontario's NDP party, revealed how the gas line came to east Premier Frost described the minister who succumbed to temptation as "honest decent men" and the man who revealed it as "a pig in a trough" and a character assassin. [illegible]hrenth contempt." And he concluded sincerely: "I wish you'd close your trap."

THE INSTITUTION of politicians, says Professor Bora Laskin of the University of Toronto, "is matter of political morality more than legal obligation." Correction "depends upon the public temper on how far the people can be aroused. Certainly Canadians are less easily aroused than the British and so we have repeated breaches of trust."

"We say we're a nation that exists by rule of law, but of course we don't," says Lome Cummings, Deputy Minister of the Ontario Department of Municipal Affairs. "A lot depends on the public demand for obedience of the law. We have strict traffic laws, but how many people keep to the speed limit? Properties are supposed to be assessed at actual value — they're not, and everybody knows they're not. Why? Because people don't want the law to be enforced."

Meyer Joan Drapeau, who has set out twice to reform Montreal, speaks of "the complicity of honest people, the silence and inactivity of honest people." Says an ethnic politician: "Citizens want peace and quiet, safe streets, efficient transport. They don't want to know about corruption. They don't want to be disturbed. The good life is synonymous with comfort and exposing corruption is an ordeal. Why do you think politicians talk in platitudes?"

Edmond Leger, the Edmonton alderman who did most to expose Mayor Hawrelak, was abused for weeks by anonymous telephone callers. They called him [illegible] names. One man said he'd maim him for life. Another said he'd be found dead in a ditch. Even children wouldn't return home from school, threatened a woman. Until he declared his phone, Leger slept with a pillow over his head.

"People don't thank you one bit for digging in," says Jack McNee, an advertising executive who barged in on Hamilton and mustered so much support that council backed down on a zoning change that would have permitted a gas station where now instead the city has a park. You're supposed to stay out of this kind of thing if you're in business. Most people think you've an axe to grind if you mix up in it. They say 'Who do you think you are, a crusader?' And this is enough to scare most people off, no matter how worthy the cause."

Norman Jaspan's experience as head of investigations Inc. operating throughout the U. S. and Canada, leads him to estimate that Canadian and U. S. employees steal some $4,000,000 a day from their employers. The Retail Sales Audit Systems Ltd. reckons that Canadians in a spirit of pre-Christmas goodwill stole some three percent of all goods that moved out of retail stores in December.

We are most of us too selfish for self government, too mercenary. There seems little difference between a bribe that gets a street rezoned and one to the janitor of an apartment house. When a former attorney general stood up in Ontario Legislature and said "It is considered fair game to beat the government out of taxes," he was simply stating what many people think. The corruption that shocks in public is practiced in private.

Murgovernment of the people is misgovernment by the people. Corrupt politicians are representative. They are only doing what many people would do if they could. As Benjamin Franklin said: "There is no kind of dishonesty into which otherwise good people more easily and frequently fall than that of defrauding the government."

OURS IS A CIVILIZATION concerned primarily with business and it is not surprising that people should say "What we need is a businessman in office." The businessman, ritually burgs to public office his business methods. The United Church of Canada lists a few in an article report. "We hear of businessmen using wire taps to obtain information about their competitors, of management acting in collusion with racketeers, of nurses using prostitutes (call girls) to promote the sale of their goods. ... We hear of hairdressers deliberately lying about their operations and the financial condition of their companies to mislead investors so that insiders can make killings in stock."

Businessmen are accustomed to giving contracts to friends and relatives. Manufacturers woo purchasing agents with gifts. "Spiffs" — cash paid to salesmen and store managers for pushing a brand of merchandise — are common practice. Normen Jaspan's investigations persuade him that kickbacks, payoffs and bribes drain $600,000,000 a year from Canadian business.

In the restaurant business, food and liquor vendors offer so many bribes and favors that one company fires its chief buyer every year and hires a new one. There is no doubt that commercial bribery has become a prime factor in determining what menus is played on sunny broadcast programs and what musical records the public is surreptitiously induced to buy, says Berton Lene, president of the American Guild of Authors & Composers.

The spirit of business, of profit, of dividend gain, runs like a red thread through the fabric of the nation. In one northern Ontario town the priest threatens bluntly to close up businessmen — permits can always be canceled on some pretext — unless they contribute to his church fund. The vice president and general manager of Quebec's *L'Etendard-Journal* and *Le Soleil* has said that the acceptance of gifts by journalists is reaching epidemic proportions.

"For every politician who can be bribed," says Philadelphia's Mayor Richardson Dilworth, "there are at least ten businessmen waiting in line for the privilege of bribing him." Reeve Marie Curtis of Long Branch has been offered up to $10,000 to ignore zoning bylaws. Attempts to bribe his officials are "continually occurring." Toronto Buildings Commissioner Frank Wellwood has testified.

"It is very difficult for an alderman to remain honest because so many businessmen and citizens offer money," says an ex-alderman of Quebec City. "Many aldermen on civic city council walk the intention of cleaning up but are caught in the works." Business is business has thus become a political maxim.

Politics is business." Lincoln Steffens wrote in The Shame of the Cities. "That's what's the matter with it. That's what's the matter with everything — art, literature, religion, journalism, law, medicine — they're all business, and all — as we see them." He wrote it fifty-seven years ago and business since then has got better.

Breach of trust is no orphan enterprise. It is born of the business tradition and the legal precept of privilege well stated in medieval times in the old English quatrain:

The law lacks eye
both men and woman
Who stealth the goose
From off the common
But lets the greater
Felon loose
Who stealth the common
From the goose ★



- most effective filter tip yet developed
- choicest, extra mild Virginia tobaccos
- rich flavour, exceptional smoothness
- firmly packed for longer lasting smoking pleasure

du MAURIER

A Really Milder High Grade Virginia Cigarette
with the EXCLUSIVE "Millecel" SUPER FILTER

a product of Peter Jackson Tobacco Limited — makers of fine cigars!



My mother asked the doctor
The doctor approved
Now I'm a Tampax user, too

This is the sort of report we receive about today's teen-agers. More and more, they're turning to Tampax at a younger and younger age.

And why not? Tampax internal sanitary protection can be used by any young woman—married or single, active or not. It is made of pure, surgical cotton, firmly lock-stitched for safety and encased in a satin-smooth applicator that aids in insertion and protects against outside contamination.

Even though Tampax is so small and so soft, the advantages are enormous. You can bowl, dance, shower, bathe, even ski—in complete comfort. Tampax is out of sight, out of mind. And Tampax ends odor problems, ends chafing problems, ends disposal problems. Users say they'd never dream of going back to anything else.

Tampax may be purchased in your choice of 3 absorbency sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever such products are sold. One of them is right for you. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Barrie, Ontario.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

A girl's life at a Cuban teachers' school: few men, no liquor, much Marx

communalism of the school lectured us with much of the passion that I had seen in the public speeches in the Plaza de la Revolucion in Havana. For three hours he talked of the justice and righteousness of the Cuban revolution. "All Latin Americans are brothers," he said. "Two hundred million Latin Americans look to Cuba and Cuba looks to them."

Even more vividly I remember a story I heard told by General Alberto Bayo. Bayo is a bald, middle-aged man who fought with the Republicans in the Spanish Civil War and retreated to Cuba and then to Mexico after their defeat. He organized and trained Castro's first forces and he fought with Castro in the hills of Oriente province. He has since become sort of a father figure in the revolution. As always in these speeches — Bayo, as it happens, was addressing a group of Cuban students — I had some difficulty keeping up through my interpreter. But my notes are at least a close paraphrase of his remarks and those remarks were typical of what Bayo and others were drumming into the minds of the *internados*.

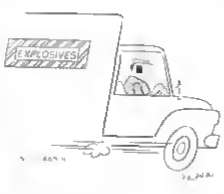
"On a typical day," he said, "we would go down from the hills to a road near a village just twelve or so of us. I would hide the men behind bushes, until when the first car came along two or three of us would stop it. The others would just stick their heads out from their hiding places. The people in the car would be frightened and shaking. I'd tell them we weren't going to shoot them; we were their friends. But they were to tell the people of the village that there were thousands of rebels in the hills waiting to march in. Then we'd release them and they'd go into the village with their story. Gossip grows. Soon it would be known that so-and-so had seen a thousand soldiers near the road and eventually the village would become sympathetic to our cause because they knew we were going to win."

Bayo and Che Guevara have written books on this kind of warfare and Guevara is being widely distributed by Cuban agents in other Latin American countries. In principle, it is the same technique the Chinese communists are using in Indo-China and have used elsewhere. It is often called the Yenan method after the Chinese province where it was first used. And it is, of course, the same technique that put Fidel Castro and his Twenty-sixth of July Movement into power in the first place — without a great loss of men.

What is true of what the *internados* are taught is of course equally true about the way the Cubans themselves are being educated. Perhaps the most dramatic evidence is the existence of what are called the Revolutionary Teachers' Schools. These schools produce a kind of teacher unknown in North America. More than teachers, the graduates are political commissars. I visited one such school and took a few pictures of the classes and life there. The pupils at this school were teen-age girls. They live in barracks converted from the empty homes of rich Cubans who have fled the island — or perhaps met worse fates. The houses have been stripped of all furniture. The girls sleep on bunk beds. Their life is not dissimilar in some ways to that of a Canadian university student, but it is much more regimented. At the school I visited the girls wore khaki uniforms and army boots. I was told that dating was not prohibited but was strongly discouraged. The girls are forbidden to touch alcohol. They are taught solid Marxist doctrine and its application to Cuban life before the revolution, they are told. American monopolies took the profits from the country and Americans like Lucky Luciano ran the brothels. When these girls graduate they will go into factories and collective farms to teach communism. South American style.

Like all Cubans under Castro the girls in the Revolutionary Teachers School had had military training. Everyone in Cuba matches. It was a strange sight to see the maids and cooks and bellboys of the Hotel Riviera out on the plaza drilling then lunch hour, all in their hotel uniforms, marching up and down in military order to the commands of a militia NCO. I remember a speech Castro made last Labor Day. He said: "Democracy is this—that which gives a gun to the farmers, gives a gun to the workers, gives a gun to the students, gives a gun to the Negroes, gives a gun to the poor and gives a gun to any other citizen who is willing to defend a just cause."

Young Cubans who are too small to carry arms are enrolled in an organization



called the Junior Rebels. They are trained to march and sing Cuban battle hymns. On week ends they are often taken into the countryside for such activities as cutting sugar cane.

One evening in a town called Ciego de Avila I attended a rally where five hundred children were to be sworn into the Junior Rebels. I was with a group of *internados*, all of whom were from other Latin American countries except myself and a Belgian girl of about twenty-four. A doctor of laws who had found herself in roughly the same position I had. As an example to the children entering the Junior Rebels, we *internados* were asked to make a speech pointing out how and why counterrevolution was necessary in our own countries. Not being a communist, of course, I did not want to, and yet I was afraid of what my Cuban hosts would think if I refused. So by the time I was accepted as simply one of the *internados* and was being given even more freedom of access in Cuba than I had hoped for, I discussed the problem briefly with the Belgian girl. Just as we were seated on the speakers' platform and the ceremonies were beginning, the girl answered. I helped her down from the platform and away from the rally. As soon as we were out of sight her limping spell passed miraculously and, for her health's sake, we found a café where we could have a frappé.

Even the Junior Rebels are not the youngest Cubans subjected to propaganda. I visited some of the new day nurseries and saw children of two and three being taught to chant songs about Fidel and the glories of socialism. Everywhere there were pictures of Fidel as a boy.

Still I could not help thinking, these children will at least be taught to read and write. The effects of Cuba's much-publicized anti-illiteracy campaign are truly remarkable. Before the revolution forty per cent of the island's population was illiterate in the mountains of the Sierra Maestra in an area thirty miles wide and two hundred miles long with a population of four hundred thousand, there were no schools at all. Already Castro has built more than three thousand schools in this area.

One of them is really a school-city. Soon it will have an enrollment of twenty thousand and the students who will live there until they reach college age will look after livestock, keep gardens and do the cooking and washing while they're there. More schools of the same general kind are being built in the large army camps of the Batista period, etc. being turned into schools — although because of the military nature of the education system there is some truth in the Cuban remark that "Castro may have turned the barracks into schools but he has also turned the schools into barracks."

The propaganda is everywhere. The first billboard a visitor sees is "Welcome to Cuba, Free Territory of America." Dummy rockets and guns have been erected in many of the parks of Havana and in small towns everywhere. There are posters symbolizing the friendship of Cuba with Russia (though not with China) and urging the people to work, think, learn and not be absentees. Congratulations with George Orwell's terrifying novel 1984 are inevitable. At nine every morning the national radio network plays the *International* Marching music and speeches are its main fare for the rest of the day. When one of the Castros or Che Guevara makes a speech it is recorded and sound trucks pass along city streets repeating it.

The newspapers are full of anti-U.S. propaganda usually more bitter than its Russian counterpart. Kennedy is simply an insane, all-powerful monster. Any favorable news is suppressed. Once I was in the mountains of Sorna and learned that there had been fighting that day between counter-revolutionaries in the hills and militiamen. That evening one dead counter-revolutionary and eleven prisoners were brought down from the hills; the surviving eleven were sentenced to from five to thirty years in prison. The next day I was back at the Hotel Riviera and was surprised to find that the newspapers made no mention of the incident. I called a refugee (or exiled) American I knew who is working on the newspaper *Combate* and asked why the news had been ignored. Fidel has given orders that no report on counter-revolutionary activity be carried," he replied.

My favorite (if slightly sick) sample of the newspapers' propaganda-ing was a comic strip about the activities of a Cuban worker who is drawn much like a Walt Disney humanized dog. In one episode the worker, a good guy of course, finds his superior keeping a Messy Desk and frequently Talking On The Telephone To His Girl Friend (little hearts above his head). Work on the project is going slowly. After a few months the hero can stand it no longer. He makes a phone call to the next island, Fidel himself arrives on the scene — in a helicopter — fires the bureaucratic boss and praises our hero. The strip closes with a panel showing all good workers to decrease bureaucracy wherever they find it.

I do not know how effective all the propaganda is. More than once people who, apparently looked at my clothes would whisper something like "Americano, we do not hate you really." And if I would explain that I was a Canadian they would say "It is much the same. We do not hate you but you did many things wrong to us." One result of many conversations like these — and even in much angrier tones — was that I took to wearing a little hammer-and-sickle button and a picture of Fidel and after that I was often mistaken for a Russian.

The intelligence service seems nearly as ubiquitous as the propaganda. I tried to photograph a pretty girl in a Woolworth's store; she refused to pose and when I asked my interpreter to find out why he reported that the girl was afraid I was an intelligence agent.

Perhaps such fear is justified. Two of my own experiences were rather disturbing. Once I was sitting in the bar of the Hotel Riviera. Near me a man was boasting, in English, the fact that someone had entered his room and broken his tape recorder. Pleased to hear English spoken, I introduced myself. He turned out to be a labor leader from Vancouver who was on his seventh trip to Cuba. Then a girl who had been sitting near us at the bar and reading joined our conversation. I offered to buy her a drink and she accepted. I was surprised to notice that she was reading Jan Valtin's book, Out of the Night, which is strongly anti-communist.

"Isn't that tricky?" I said.

She laughed and showed me a gold crucifix she wore around her neck. I asked if she were a Catholic.

"Not really. Just against Castro. All who are against him wear crucifixes."

The labor leader excused himself and I asked the girl to join me at lunch. She told me she was married to a Cuban architect and that they were trying to get out of Cuba. I felt sorry for her, but I had the feeling that she was being just a little more honest than was necessary on so short an acquaintance. I was also surprised that such a handsome girl should have been eating alone at a bar.

Over coffee she told me that she and her husband hoped to get to Jamaica but needed more American dollars before the trip would be possible. Could I help her? She would pay black market rates. I said I'd think about how I could help her and she gave me the number of her hotel room.

Later I ran into the labor man from Vancouver. I asked him if there were any rules for identifying members of G-2, the secret police. "No," he said. "You just have to know. The guy in the basement shop is one. I know. Be careful of him."

I mentioned my luncheon date. "Stay away from her," he said. "She's another G-2." Trading in foreign currency is a criminal offense in Cuba. I didn't talk to the girl again.

My other lunch with G-2 came on the high seas. When I was in Havana I asked if I could get permission to go fishing in one of the luxurious trolling boats that had been left behind by people fleeing the country and had been confiscated. I was told however that it would be necessary to wait a few days. Then one day permission was granted and I left Havana with Rodriguez, a G-2 lieutenant who had fought in the Bay of Pigs and who was said to be assigned to help me get around. (The fishing off Havana is among the world's best, incidentally, so two hours we caught two marlin, two barracuda and four dolphin.) As usual, I was carrying a camera bag and since I was with an RCAF guide no one bothered to check it. While we were fishing, I joked with Rodriguez pointing out that I might easily have a revolver in my bag. What would he do if I drew it and ordered him and the crew to head for Florida?

Rodriguez laughed. "It took us three days to get permission, didn't it? That is just the time it takes to alert the navy when these big boats go out to fish. We are now being watched and we couldn't get more than five miles without being overtaken."

Along with all the suggestion of freedom here come sweeping changes in the Cuban economy and in the standard of living of the people and any report that failed to do justice to these gigantic steps forward would be as unfair as some of the communist propaganda. Nowhere is the contrast between the old and new Cubas more evident to the visitor from abroad — *in transito* or otherwise — than in the great housing programs. Everywhere the *bohios*, peasant shacks, are being replaced by modern and efficient multiple dwellings. Tens of thousands of new units have already been built and tens of thousands more were going up when I was there. Much of the new accommodation is on collective farms and *pescaderias* and no volume of statistics could impress me as much as one visit to a fisherman's *bohio* did one autumn morning.

The mornings trips through the country side were often such whirlwind affairs that there was little time for us to have a close look at Cuban life. Consequently I made it a fairly regular habit to rise early when we were out in the provinces and go out on my own before the other *internados* or the guides were up and about. One morning I traveled to a south shore settlement we had been wrecked through the day before. I was early enough to watch seven different people come out of a squalid wooden shack that couldn't have been more than fifteen feet square. First came five children and then the father who, still rubbing the sleep from his eyes, looked up in dismay at the sun and began to clean it. Finally the mother came out,



HEAD FOR THE SIGHTS, THE LAKES, THE FUN. HEAD FOR Ontario



City sights Lakes Woods. This year explore Ontario For the fun of it!

FREE!

ONTARIO TRAVEL LITERATURE

Mail to Ontario Travel, 4671 Parliament Bldgs., Toronto, Ontario

NAME

ADDRESS

P.O PROV

KNOW ONTARIO BETTER

ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF TRAVEL AND PUBLICITY

Hon. Bryan L. Cathcart, Minister

starring a pitiful ghost looking porridge that with the family's breakfast. I made some gestures that indicated I would like to take some photographs inside and the father shrugged his permission. I have seldom seen such filth. There was a small iron stove near one wall a shaky looking pile of logs against another. There were no dishes in the whole house. And, mercifully as I could tell through sign language and my pidgin Spanish the family did not even know there had been a revolution.

Yet not more than ten miles away I had seen the day before, a huge and ultra-modern *peacetime* factory under construction with inland land bright modern houses and even a cute-as-a-button supermarket. Some day soon the Tuhuman's family would be moved into spanking new quarters and introduced to a new way of life. At first they might be so amused to luxury that they would not have seen in other new housing projects throw the paper into a corner after having a modern toilet but at least now they would have a chance. Castro has vowed to wipe out all the *hidden*

Furthermore, the government has now made all rents exactly ten percent of income so that no matter what a worker's salary he can now afford decent living quarters. And further than that when a worker from the slums of Havana labors on a housing project he gets no pay but he borrows as credit toward purchase of one of the houses, and if he puts in two thousand hours he gets to own one.

Factory nourishment is just as impressive. I was unable to gain any satisfactory statistics about what has been already done — sometimes in Cuba the rush to build seems to outdistance the bookkeeping — but at one point I was told that 104 new factories were going up on the island at once not counting additions and modifications to existing ones. Here, too, the people are somewhat not yet up to the new age. I visited the nationalized Owens Corning glass factory near Havana and was shown around by the plant manager who seemed proud to demonstrate his new Russian built equipment. One of the new assembly lines was ready for operation and he insisted on starting the machinery to show me how it worked. I pointed out that the machinery hadn't been lubricated yet, the chain and gear boxes were stiff during it would be disastrous. The plant manager shrugged and pushed the starting button. The assembly line squeezed and groaned into motion. Genuinely worried I told my guide a G-2 man that if the manager did not stop he too would leave. The manager finally agreed. I asked him what experience he had had in industry. "Oh none," he said.

Then how had he become the manager of such a plant?

"I am a revolutionary," he said. *Patria o muerte.*

"Patria o muerte," I agreed and left.

The U.S. embargo on machinery and parts has made a tremendous difference to Cuban industry and I saw many different kinds of machines — even cars — standing idle because there simply were no parts for them. Over the next few years how ever much of the U.S.-made equipment will be largely replaced by products of Russia and Czechoslovakia from where, of course spare parts will be readily available. The effect of the U.S. embargo on agricultural goods on the other hand has already been largely offset. Cuban collective farms are now producing some of the foodstuffs that the island which used to import seventy percent of its food (and still does import some) is now exporting eggs to Venezuela, avocados to Canada and pineapple juice to Russia. Agricultural experts in fact in a minor part of Castro's plan to dominate Latin America, he sees a propaganda victory in being able to sell the overproduction of backward to nap talist nations and he is pushing his program so quickly that in spite of Cuba's lordly heralded export program there are long lines at the nationalized Minimax stores in Havana. There are also posters there that demonstrate the subtlety of the government propaganda. It is being to well to a queue for food than to line up to see if the dead body is your son."

Canada of course has played an important role in the advances of Cuban agriculture. Many of the eggs Cuba receiving abroad come from Canadian born Plants still leave Canada regularly loaded with pigs of bloodied cattle or baby chicks — although it is a striking example of the horse-mania unfortunately of many communist countries that as many as half the chicks that land alive at Havana die before they arrive at collective farms.

Whatever the lack of experience and know how, the suppression of freedom the sometimes bitter resentment of the regimentation of life that I found in Cuba my most lasting impression of that last-changing island is summed up in one of the slogans that so dominate the atmosphere there. I saw it on the wall of a pre-revolution apartment building, front which the air-conditioning had been torn to provide spare parts for the equipment in a government building. The apartment was probably filled with people not used to such luxuries anyway. The slogan was "Do not bank up even to gain inches." ★

B. C.'S HOLY TERRORISTS *continued from page 15*

Bayoff confessed and apologized. Then, he tried to burn down the prison

nonmonetary bankroll a decade ago and sent him to South America to buy land for a new communal home. It is in obedience to Sotokini Canadian Intermediate that they continue to send him regular donations from their family allowance allowances, employment insurance cheques, relief cheques, pensions and inheritance cash earnings even though they know he is living in relative luxury 8,000 miles away has paid only a few brief visits to Canada time he departure and has done almost nothing to prepare for their second mass journey into exile.

To answer to the inner and outer voices — to the urgings of the God within and the hints and orders of the gods without — the Freedomites have made the destruction of property a part of their way of life. In 1956 an investigation for the Canadian Pacific Railway calculated that the dollar-a-chain damage they had done was nearly $15,000,000 in the eight years since it may have passed twenty million. The Freedomites have been fairly careful to avoid homicide and the only deaths directly and certainly traced to Doukhobor terrorism in B.C. are those of a seventy year-old woman whose house burned down around her in 1960 and of a young man who blew off both arms while manufacturing a bomb in 1958. No one was ever convicted of planting the bomb that killed old Peter the Lordly and night fellow passengers aboard a C.P.R. train in 1924. Freedomites insist now, as they did then, that their main aim was assassinated by the government.

Each this year in and around the little mountain-bound city of Nelson another new chapter was unfolding in the perpetual military story of the Doukhobors. Some eighty Freedomites were pending trial or about to stand trial for a mass outbreak of new crimes or for old crimes brought out of the files by new evidence in the hope of clearing up some of my own confession about what makes these impenetrable people like. I spent several days listening to the proceedings and talking outside the courtroom to various Sons and Daughters, both in Nelson and in their nearby "naptal," the former shack town of Krestova.

So let us anyone on the scene was willing to guess, the new rash of terrorism stemmed from an old and fundamental fear. Within the last year the social chaos so essential to a true Freedomite's peace of mind has shown signs of disintegrating to something distressingly close to law and order. After a long and bitter fight even Sir Hard Freedomites have begun to accept the inevitable — the Orthodox and Independent Doukhobors accepted it long ago — and send their children to school. Magistrate William Evans, operating under special powers has persuaded more than 1,200 Doukhobor couples to legalize their common-law marriages, thus giving full legitimacy to nearly 5,000 children. Hundreds have been buying the farms and lots on which they've been squatters since the Depression. All this, in the eyes of the unreconstructed radicals is a betrayal of the ancestral Doukhobor faith. Every new explosion every new fire put mightily when it is directed against a Doukhobor "backslider" becomes a protest and a warning. The levy of the past year has included three razed villages, a bonfire of a dozen late-model automobiles and another attempt — at least the sixth since the gaunt arch death — to blow up the tomb of Peter the Lordly and his tumbrils on Peter the Purger.

I arrived in Nelson during one of the earliest trials of a special assize, that in all first three weeks sent nine men to prison for terms ranging between five and twelve years. The real protagonist of the piece in progress was not in the prisoners' box. He was in fact several hundred miles away to the federal penitentiary at New Westminster. His name was Mike Bayoff and he had already been sentenced to five years for helping to blow up a grain elevator and conspiring to blow up an Anglican church in the village of Wynndel.

What made the unseen Mike Bayoff such an important presence in the high-ceilinged courtroom was that he had done something almost ephemeral — in the annals of the Freedomites. He had not only pleaded guilty to a serious crime but he had said he was sorry for it. He had publicly denounced his superiors in the indistinct Freedomite hierarchy for leading him astray. He had named accomplices in the crimes for which he was on trial.

To scarcely anyone's surprise, the repentant Bayoff was no longer assigned to his cell in Oakalla prison than he tried to burn the prison down. Only a few days before his name to trial for the bombings his wife Laura had destroyed their own house by fire, standing naked outside in the December snow raging herself of unnamed sins by order of the inner voice. Both Mike and Laura Bayoff like a number of other Freedomites were former patients of the mental hospital at Essondale.

Mike's confession, whether it was that of a deranged man or not started another flash fire. His accomplices in the successful elevator dynamiting and the unsuccessful church dynamiting at Wynndel began nonlestrop too.

One by one, half a dozen Mounties dressed in civvies were sworn in. One by one they denied any pressure had been brought to bear on the accused. They denied that the absent Mike Bayoff had been acting for the RCMP as an agent provocateur at all.

The judge ruled the confessions of Jmaeff and Barisoff were admissible. Both documents were admissible for two things: their wealth of technological detail on the manufacture of bombs and their depth of peri

Jmaeff accordingly to his confession had driven across the border into Washington State to buy the pocket watches essential to the making of the two bombs that blew up the elevator at Wyndell and were intended to blow up the church. Then under the direction of Mike Bayoff who had been a part-time C.P.R. section hand he and his companion found and stole three quarters of a box of dynamite from the railways stores and packed it into the village.

But today's testimony went on from there.

We picked up Fred Jmaeff and George Kinkin in Nelson here. We stopped off the road and Fred Jmaeff got out of the car and went into the bush for five minutes then came out and had a sack in his hands that was dynamite. We made two handles of it. We put the sack in two or three pieces took half the dynamite and tied it in a bundle, and did the same with the other ball. It was just dusk and we still didn't need any flashlight. I saw two watches in a small bag. They were all prepared and had a small screw in the crystal. I'm not sure if the batteries were taped but we taped the connections. Before we put the bombs in the car we had lunch there and parked for half an hour that no one would get hurt."

(When first apprised of this fragment of testimony a typical Orthodox or non-bombing Doukhobor is said to have snorted: "I know what they played. They played Jesus Christ. let's hope this damn thing didn't blow us up before we get it planted.")

Barisoff's statement went on:

"Then we drove right to Wyndell and near where an elevator is located George Kinkin and Leon Engelshoff got out of the car and went down the back from the road. They were supposed to put the bomb in the elevator. The rest of us took off from there, and then we went by a small church that turned down further up the road and came back by the church where me and Fred Jmaeff got out of the car. I had the watch and Fred had the dynamite. We walked behind a big manse and I could see a policeman coming along. We became frightened and started praying so we wouldn't get caught and later. Then we went to a small church looked around and it. We didn't know where to put it. Fred saw a small window in the basement and said this is as good as any place. Then I took the watch and battery out of the bag and found it was disconnected. Then I told Fred to hang onto one end of the wire. Then we started praying again and it could be. I put some insulation tape around the bomb. We hung onto it and connected it together. Then I put the watch near the dynamite. I tied handkerchiefs to a wooden stick. I punched a hole in the dynamite and put the electric cap in it. We stood by the church and went down to the creek and then parked there until Paul Zarouhin came."

On the Sunday off which the court was in recess I arranged to pay a visit to the unlimited Freedomite stronghold of Krestova. Between the Place of Christ lies on a flat treeless plateau above the Slocan River three miles back from the main road in Nelson. It is neither a town nor a village, for it has no municipal gov

Now two of them sat in the prisoners' box together. Benjamin Appatinoff from the mountain village of Thrums first appeared in the dock that Fred Jmaeff and Alex Barisoff invoked to repudiate their earlier out-of-court confessions to the RCMP and plead not guilty. Jmaeff a saturnine intelligent-looking man of thirty-seven had said haughtily when asked to elect whether to be tried by jury: "I am quite silent to be tried in the court of God I want accept no other court." Barisoff a dozen years younger had been more vehement: "Our people never intend that up to now guys. I'm not electing nothing. It's up to you guys."

Both men predictably — so far as anything is predictable in the topsy-turvy world of the Freedomites — had refused to be sworn on the Bible but had taken an oath seldom a wire basket containing

PARADE

Two-point landing

If pearls are expensive jet age travelers often ask why until when the big aircraft are not far from landing. It's something about reverse thrust and a different sound to the engines and it has annoyed one TCA wife that when flying with her husband or even between runs not that but the giant. Until



she was on a Montreal-Vancouver junket with her nine-year-old daughter recently and they'd only made one stop at Toronto but long before their next stop it was the girl who broke the news. Even mom-nonoved theo mom-al she asked how her daughter could tell. "Oh that's easy," the girl replied. "When we're going to land the stewardess changes from flat to high heels.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's.

the traditional Doukhobor symbols of life a loaf of bread, a jar of salt and a glass of water.

In their new testimony Barisoff and Jmaeff claimed that their confessions had been extorted. Jmaeff swore that one Mountie threatened him while he was awaiting trial.

"You bastards have done enough bombing. Now we're going to bomb you right out of the world." The perfidious Bayoff had helped close the trap by persuading the innocent Jmaeff that he Bayoff was in the true hands of the Doukhobors, the spiritual heirs of Peter the Lordly and of Jesus Christ and (b) the "hand of all the RCMP."

On the lofty judge's bench Mr. Justice Norman Whittaker was attempting and manfully as though he were hearing a traffic case. Directly across from him the two sections for the public one at floor level the other on a balcony directly above were jammed with nearly two hundred Freedomite men and women and an occasional child. They were all absolutely silent and absolutely intent hanging on every word. Framed in their colored head scarves, the Slavic faces of the women were heavy and unreadably melancholy and those of the men about half of them bearded and half clean shaven looked inscrutably. The room could have come straight from one of the less happy pages of Dostoevski.

One by one, half a dozen Mounties dressed in civvies were sworn in. One by one they denied any pressure had been brought to bear on the accused. They denied that the absent Mike Bayoff had been acting for the RCMP as an agent provocateur at all.

The judge ruled the confessions of Jmaeff and Barisoff were admissible. Both documents were admissible for two things: their wealth of technological detail on the manufacture of bombs and their depth of peri

Jmaeff according to his confession had driven across the border into Washington State to buy the pocket watches essential to the making of the two bombs that blew up the elevator at Wyndell and were intended to blow up the church. Then under the direction of Mike Bayoff who had been a part-time C.P.R. section hand he and his companion found and stole three quarters of a box of dynamite from the railways stores and packed it into the village.

But today's testimony went on from there.

We picked up Fred Jmaeff and George Kinkin in Nelson here. We stopped off the road and Fred Jmaeff got out of the car and went into the bush for five minutes then came out and had a sack in his hands that was dynamite. We made two handles of it. We put the sack in two or three pieces took half the dynamite and tied it in a bundle, and did the same with the other ball. It was just dusk and we still didn't need any flashlight. I saw two watches in a small bag. They were all prepared and had a small screw in the crystal. I'm not sure if the batteries were taped but we taped the connections. Before we put the bombs in the car we had lunch there and parked for half an hour that no one would get hurt."

(When first apprised of this fragment of testimony a typical Orthodox or non-bombing Doukhobor is said to have snorted: "I know what they played. They played Jesus Christ. let's hope this damn thing didn't blow us up before we get it planted.")

Barisoff's statement went on:

"Then we drove right to Wyndell and near where an elevator is located George Kinkin and Leon Engelshoff got out of the car and went down the back from the road. They were supposed to put the bomb in the elevator. The rest of us took off from there, and then we went by a small church that turned down further up the road and came back by the church where me and Fred Jmaeff got out of the car. I had the watch and Fred had the dynamite. We walked behind a big manse and I could see a policeman coming along. We became frightened and started praying so we wouldn't get caught and later. Then we went to a small church looked around and it. We didn't know where to put it. Fred saw a small window in the basement and said this is as good as any place. Then I took the watch and battery out of the bag and found it was disconnected. Then I told Fred to hang onto one end of the wire. Then we started praying again and it could be. I put some insulation tape around the bomb. We hung onto it and connected it together. Then I put the watch near the dynamite. I tied handkerchiefs to a wooden stick. I punched a hole in the dynamite and put the electric cap in it. We stood by the church and went down to the creek and then parked there until Paul Zarouhin came."

On the Sunday off which the court was in recess I arranged to pay a visit to the unlimited Freedomite stronghold of Krestova between the Place of Christ lies on a flat treeless plateau above the Slocan River three miles back from the main road in Nelson. It is neither a town nor a village, for it has no municipal gov

Here's the reason for the matchless flavour of

CALVERT OLD RYE

The older the barrel the finer the taste and Calvert Old Rye is blended from whiskies aged in 20 year-old casks



A whisky of matchless flavour priced within the reach of every Canadian



HAVE YOU EVER WANTED TO SERVE JUST ONE THING THAT NO ONE COULD BETTER?

When such an occasion does arise you naturally want to be sure your choice is correct beyond doubt. Your task will be delightfully simple if you serve Harvey's Bristol Cream Sherry. There is nothing better.

Bristol Cream is a blend of the genuine sherries that only Spain can produce. Many of them were put down well before the turn of the century. The result is the greatest sherry you can buy—no matter who you are, or what you are willing to pay.

Bristol Milk is another outstanding Harvey's sherry. It, too, is an Oloroso (rich, with a certain sweetness) of rare quality. Another Oloroso, of more modest price, is Harvey's very popular Shooting Sherry. If your preference is for a Fino (without sweetness), then by all means try Harvey's Bristol Dry. No matter which you choose, you'll find the cost of Harvey's sherries well within your reach.

And a joy of owning and serving real sherry, like Harvey's, is truly a wonderful feeling.

HARVEY'S

HOME appliances



run so SWEET last longer too

WHEN OILED REGULARLY WITH

3-IN-ONE OIL

REGULAR · OIL SPRAY · ELECTRIC MOTOR

ENJOY MACLEAN'S REGULARLY

Subscribe to Maclean's and have each copy delivered to your door [illegible] It's convenient — and it saves you money.

25 ISSUES FOR ONLY $3

Write to:
Circulation Manager, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Canada

This offer good only in Canada

ernment, no police, no post office, no store. It has no electric lights, no plumbing, no water except that hauled up by hand or draft horse from the creek that runs through a nearby ravine. The one public building is a peeling, paint-clapboard meeting hall. A dirt road runs past the hall and there is a patchwork of small and unpainted houses and weather-proof wooden houses on either side of the road. Since Krestova has no corporate status it has no official population, the usual estimate is around [illegible] thousand.

It was a bleak winter day when a friend from Nelson dropped me off in the middle of the main and only street. But ignoring the [illegible] weather, the first passer-by stopped courteously, listened to my introduction and then took me to his car in the home of Pete Elasoff Jr. at the head of the street. I'd been told that Elasoff, as secretary of the Freedomites' [illegible] [illegible], was the man to see first. He wasn't in, but a volunteer climbed [illegible] took me to the door of another fraternal Council member, Pete Rezansoff.

Rezansoff was sitting in the warm, clean kitchen. His wife was working around the enamelled wood stove and the kitchen sink. The only decorations visible besides the crisp curtains on the windows were two gaily calendars. Later my host took me into the two other rooms, a bedroom and a small bed-sitting room, and proudly showed me two large portraits of [illegible] Mr. Sorokin.

Pete Rezansoff is a sturdy, blue-eyed man with graying hair and the merest trace of a good-natured smile playing at the edges of his strong, good-natured mouth. He apologized for his English which, considering that it's his second language, is very good. I apologized for my ignorance of the Doukhobors and asked if he would define the main points of his belief for me.

"Well," he said, "I'm a follower of our new spiritual leader, Mr. Sorokin. Only leader isn't the exact word I'd use. We're not supposed to have leaders the way other people use the word. I'd say spiritual guide is better. Our belief is that a person should develop his own inner self."

Was there any basic statement of the Doukhobor creed, any equivalent of the Ten Commandments?

"Well, we believe a lot in the Bible. There's a lot of the New Testament we believe in. Our psalms and hymns go from memory to memory, from generation to generation. We don't believe so much in writing things down. Wait a minute."

He went into the back room and came out with a worn scrap of mimeographed foolscap, two or three paragraphs signed in Russian, by S. S. Sorokin.

"This is as close as anything to our basic testament," he said. "I can't translate it exact, but that is the general meaning. A Doukhobor is a fellow who feels God inside the God of love. When he gets the understanding that God is in him he progresses spiritually. His first light is the light within himself. Well. He can't see [illegible] [illegible] himself. When he gets over that problem he has got to work on himself. Hit it [illegible] deep. When he finds out that the God is inside of him, when he finds the spirit in him, he cannot use physical violence in his words, with the outside. The life of a Doukhobor should mean brotherly love to all people all over the world. The life should be led in peace. This way is built the Kingdom of God on earth, which leads to eternal life and eternal joy."

[illegible]

PARADE

Tell them they'll have to wait

We've heard from a woman in Edmonton who claims to be a reasonably public-spirited citizen but who feels that good works should be shared to avoid putting too heavy a drain on any individual. She says one campaign on a local radio station has left her limp with its repeated ringing appeals — "Every ninety seconds someone requires your blood." She's not sure her system can stand it much longer.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's.

tacked by the RCMP and the RCMP spies Harold and John Lebedoff. (Lebedoff is a breakaway Freedomite who briefly challenged Sorokin for the leadership and was chased out of Krestova by an angry posse of naked women.)

But what motive could the RCMP have for stirring up fresh trouble?

"They want to keep us in Canada," Rezansoff said. "They know we're fed up with the persecution and want to leave the country. But the government doesn't want to let us go. Now we want to go to Brazil but they're trying to keep us disorganized. I've got a book that proves the whole thing. I'll see that you get it before you leave Nelson."

I steered the conversation back to theology. Did Rezansoff believe in a literal heaven and hell?

"Well, I'll tell you something," he said. "I've been to Heaven once already."

"In a dream?" I asked.

"No, not in a dream. It started out as a dream all right, but in the end it was perfectly real. The earth opened up like a door and I followed past the earth. I came out in another world. When I came out in that other world I came upon my old friends who were departed. Two of my friends came to see me and said, 'Pete has come to live with us.' I said, 'No, I just came to see.' There were orchards and green grass and flowers all around and I was enjoying them. One friend said, 'Why not stay a while? We'll take you around.' I went from one place to another. Nothing was an effort. It was so easy to walk it was like I flew."

He paused. "I spent quite a while there just walking. Then I said, 'It's time to leave, my time is up.' People came up and said, 'You're going back to the other world. Give everybody there our regards.'

"It's a long way out," I told. "I may not get there."

"One young man came up to me and said, 'You're from [illegible], who is your neighbor? I will not tell you my name. Take a look at me.' I looked at him. I rose a few steps on the ladder that was waiting for me. A thousand or more of them shouted to me and said, 'Tell the old people not to worry. You've seen this world.'"

"Yes," Rezansoff said firmly. "I think I was there. I was in the other world. When I got back I went to see that old man and gave him the regards of the young man, and described the young man to him. That was his best friend who died very young in Russia."

Rezansoff smiled. "I kept all this to myself for a year or so. Then I had to tell somebody and I told a farmer in Kelowna about it, another Doukhobor. 'Isn't that funny?' he said. 'I was in Hell once. I was having an operation and ...'"

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Pete Elasoff Jr., the Freedomite secretary. Elasoff is a small, busy, slightly hyperthyroid man, considerably thinner than most Doukhobors, who tend to run to fat. We chatted long enough for Elasoff to confirm the facts that he was out on bail on a charge of being in possession of dangerous explosives and that he intended to plead not guilty. He excused himself and came back in a few minutes and dumped an armful of books on the table in front of me.

"Tell me what you think of these," he said. I couldn't be sure from his tone whether he was challenging me or asking for an opinion. I didn't get all the titles and authors but among them were The Unconscious Mind, Crusade in Asia by Carlos P. Romulo, The International Jew by Henry Ford, The Protocols of Zion, God and the Soviets, Doctor from Lhasa, the Lamas of Tibet and the Holy Bible.

"Doukhobors are supposed to be illiterate," Elasoff said. "They *are* illiterate in the ways of the world. But they're literate in morality."

Pete Rezansoff went into the back room and returned with a copy of The Autobiography of a Yogi by Paramhansa Yogananda and a book of mystic philosophy by T. Lobsang Rampa. Elasoff turned over the last book in the original pile, The Decameron. "What else should we read?" he insisted.

"I wouldn't presume to advise you," I said feebly. "This seems to be a very catholic selection."

Elasoff hurried out again and Rezansoff invited me to stay to lunch: a *borsch* to remember, fresh bread and butter, *pyrohi*, which are seasoned beets and cabbage rolled in a splendid pastry, hot home preserved Okanagan peaches and tea.

Afterwards we dropped into the Sunday afternoon *sobranya* in the meeting hall. The squat, crude building was full: a hundred men on one side of the wooden table that bore the sacred bread, salt and water, a hundred women on the other side with a few children in tow, everyone bundled up in full outdoor clothing.

We entered just as they were finishing a hymn and stayed for a second one. A stern, bespectacled private-secretary to the general manager woman in the women's front row began each verse as a solo. Then two hundred strong, ineffably sad voices joined her to create a melody of haunting beauty. When we trudged back to the road I asked Rezansoff for a rough translation.

"Keep away from the devil's net," he said. "The devil is always waiting to snare us. We have to be on guard against evil all the time, every minute, or he'll get us."

The next afternoon, true to his promise, Rezansoff stopped off at my hotel in Nelson and left another book. This was the one he'd said would explain everything—particularly why the government wanted to keep the Doukhobors in Canada and was therefore inciting them through the RCMP

Corns

4 WAYS BETTER
1. Stops Pain
2. Quickly Removes Corns, Callouses
3. Prevents Corns, Sore Toes
4. Eases New or Tight Shoes

Dr. Scholl's Super-Fast Relief!



[illegible] the medication of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Relief [illegible] new or tight shoes [illegible]

Super Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



Wondering what to do with that cold lifeless room?



Weldwood-Westply suggests paneling you can put up yourself



Look what you can do with $87.12* and a weekend

Time was when you needed plenty of money, spare time or both to have a warm, cozy room like this—paneled in rich, glowing real wood.

No more. Today a Weldwood-paneled family, living or dining room is within easy reach of everyone. And you can put it up yourself *in a weekend!*

In Charter paneling alone, Weldwood-Westply offers you an array of fine woods. Our Woodstock, Ontario, mill now makes five handsome varieties: birch, cherry, oak, pine and walnut. Each has its own warm, natural character and is prefinished like the finest furniture. They come in 4' x 8' panels, ready for you to fit and fasten in place.

Where to make a choice? See your Weldwood-Westply lumber or building supply dealer, or visit any one of our 22 branch showrooms. Act today and you can have a beautifully paneled room like this next Monday!

*16' x 8' Weldwood Charter Cherry paneling, plus 104 running feet lauan [illegible] small box finishing nails and 2 lb. sixpenny nails. Other Weldwood prefinished woods as little as $26.88 for a 16' x 8' wall.

Look for this new symbol ...
the Mark of Quality Plywood ...
at your lumber or building supply dealer

WELDWOOD WESTPLY The Mark of Quality Plywood

WELDWOOD-WESTPLY LIMITED

principal offices: VANCOUVER · MONTREAL
branches: CALGARY · EDMONTON · REGINA · SASKATOON · WINNIPEG · LAKEHEAD · SUDBURY · WINDSOR · LONDON · HAMILTON · TORONTO · ORILLIA · PETERBOROUGH · KINGSTON · OTTAWA · SHERBROOKE · TROIS RIVIERES · QUEBEC · CHICOUTIMI · HALIFAX

Consumer Service Dept.
WELDWOOD-WESTPLY LIMITED
395 Stinson Blvd.
Montreal 9, Quebec

Send me your new 28-page book of decorating ideas. I enclose 25¢

NAME ____
ADDRESS ____
CITY ____ PROV ____
NC1

Your confidence is well-placed in a good team

L&S

LIFE INSURANCE

plus

YOUR INDEPENDENT INSURANCE AGENT



BUY LIFE INSURANCE FROM THE MAN YOU REALLY KNOW

The Independent Insurance Agent who handles your other insurance needs—fire automobile casualty

Remember to ask him about

L&S *for your every* LIFE INSURANCE *need*

Mortgage Repayment Protection by the "Home Security" Plan	*Low-Cost Family Protection by the "Cash & Income" Plan*	*Retirement Savings and Protection by the "Whole Life with Profits" Plan*

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN — YES we write LIFE Insurance too

THE NORTHERN & EMPLOYERS GROUP

Life Administration Office 88 University Avenue Toronto 1, Ontario

and storm of its spires, to break the laws

It was a seventy six page pamphlet, issued under the imprimatur of the Free donotes' Fraternal Council and their spiritual guide S. S Sorokin Its title is an accurate if moderate reflection of the theme "Doukhobor Problem in Canada A Prototype Copy of the Hebrew People in Egypt" In the rambling hall-coherent analogy that follows the Doukhobors are the children of Israel and the officials of the Canadian government are the Pharaohs determined to hold The Children in bondage It was God's will that the Israelites became partisans in deception and embrace "Unfinished but unto salvation" It was God's will that the hearts of the Pharaohs be hardened against them and that the Israelites should give them manse for hardness

The jury brought down its verdict in the case of Fred Ginniff and Alex Bursoff that same afternoon The courtroom was jammed with the same phalanx of heavy Dostoevskian faces and when the foreman spoke his final "Guilty" the place erupted in a cacophony of wails and groans and angry shouts, most of them female The bull throated policemen and Mounties on duty tried to calm the courtroom but the heavy limbed and heavy faced Doukhobor women confronted them with an almost impenetrable wall of flesh all of which remained clothed Then another Mountie came in from a side door with a growling police dog held in leash but moving strongly toward the exits

All right one of the Mounties said "It's all over for now Why don't you go uptown and do your shopping"

"You go uptown and do *your* shopping," a woman in a yellow head-scarf snapped back heatedly

The night before I left I had a drink with one of the Mounties after his days work was done. Sergeant Ed Phelan had helped supervise the disarming of the bomb that Ginniff and Bursoff planted in the Wyandel church It was very big and very dangerous bomb. Some flaw in the connection between the hour hand of the watch and the rest of the current it was supposed to close had prevented it from exploding, as scheduled in the middle of the night

The bomb was discovered by accident When the Army expert arrived he took one look through the church window and said "I'll get a pair of pliers on that damn thing it will blow the whole town apart as intended." So the Army man, Sergeant Major R C Spencer bought some heavy fishing line and tied some fish hooks to the end of it. Then he made a head rest through the window and engaged the hooks in the sack covering, hoping to pull the detonating apparatus free of the dynamite He and the RCMP man Ed Phelan retreated across a ravine with the other end of the fish line took cover in the basement of the village school and began gently hauling

Phelan took a sip of his drink as he continued his reflections "The first time the string broke The second time the hooks tore loose The third time we made it It really should have gone off you know They planted it on Thursday night We discovered it on Friday and got it apart on Saturday We were rooting traffic away from the church end all through the last night we had floodlights on it partly to keep innocent bystanders out of the way and partly to make sure the Douks didn't sneak in and steal the bomb back"

The Sergeant smiled without much mirth "It's a joke all over the rest of Canada isn't it" he said Fen and gamers, Cops and Douks Douks and cops" He took another sip of his drink "Not much fun for us People have been killed and others will be ★

MACLEAN'S

BACKGROUND

The non-combatant casualty of the Royal York strike

When noisy employees of Toronto's Royal York Hotel went on strike they did not succeed in closing the hotel or in seriously curtailing its ability to serve the public but they posed a problem to the conscience of the community that 10 months later was still unresolved The issue is whether a citizen with no personal stake in the dispute is taking sides when he crosses the picket line If it was brought into focus, but not settled when a newspaper reporter not directly involved in the strike lost his job because of it

The hotel is a convention nature and the scene of many governmental and semi-official social functions Since the strike began a number of profitable conventions have been cancelled many prospective guests have switched to other hotels; union minimums have refused to play in the hotel; city employees have refused to report two broken water meters in the hotel basement and cautioned drivers even avoided the picket line by dropping their loads at the curb The Royal York has carried on by hiring 600 new workers including some non-union personnel, and taking back nearly 700 defecting strikers

Aside from the participants the strike has been hardest on politicians and public figures whose visits to the hotel are routinely reported Mayor Nathan Phillips who styles himself "the mayor of all the people" accepts all invitations to appear at Royal York functions though his board of control against his vigorous opposition has withdrawn all civic functions from the hotel Some anti-col town members of the provincial cabinet stay of the hotel, others have moved out Premier Leslie Frost, proclaiming himself neutral gave up his organize Royal York suite until he resigned the premiership last fall then as a private member he moved back in He did not however use the main door, but entered through an enclosed passage from a nearby parking garage

When a newspaper photographer tried to get a picture of him walking in, the ex-premier dunked while Mrs Frost waved her purse at the photographer to no avail

Public feeling about the propriety of passing the picket line grew high when Ontario sportswriters held that none of Sports Columbines dinner to raise funds for crippled children Some sports and entertainment figures, like comedians Wayne and Shuster refused to attend and were accused of discriminating against crippled children. They returned that crippled children should not be used to fight a strike At the dinner the blessing was invoked by a United Church minister father Robin Cuthbertson priest had declined) while other United Church ministers and elders walked with the pickets outside

It remained for Barney McKinley a 42 year old newspaper reporter to pinpoint the controversy The Telegram assigned him to report a luncheon speech at the Royal York He refused on the ground of principle (although his own union the Newspaper Guild permits members to cross picket lines in pursuit of news) and after a showdown with his city editor he quit

The Guild sentencing that McKinley's resignation was forced and constituted a wrongful dismissal, made a formal grievance of his case and it was arbitrated by Magistrate J A Hanratty The arbitrator decided that McKinley had resigned voluntarily and that it was therefore unnecessary for him to rule on the merits of the grievance

Though Toronto's newspapers have covered the Royal York strike in detail none of them reported the McKinley case. McKinley returned to his home in Vancouver where he enlisted in the army's civil defense survival course and began writing free lance articles "I'm through with newspapers," he says. ★

How one student of Moral Re-Armament was frozen out of Brazil

Last fall, Dr A J Cook former head of the student counselling service at the University of Alberta and can a full time worker for the Moral Re-Armament movement, invited Peter Hyndman president of the U of A's student union to a 10 day MRA "Assembly of the Americas" in Brasilia Hyndman couldn't go, but he recommended Bentley Le Baron a 23-year old graduate science student and managing editor of the U of A's undergraduate newspaper The Gateway Dr Cook then invited Le Baron who says he is religious but has an iconoclastic attitude toward organized religion and Le Baron accepted Half way through the conference Le Baron's spies say told him he was through and put him on a plane to Canada. Here is his story of what happened

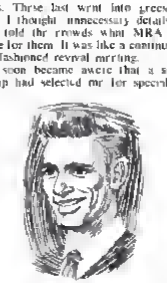
Before I left Edmonton I asked Dr Cook who was paying for my trip He told me, "I don't know God always provides" He also told me that I would not have to make any kind of commitment at the conference "Some people may try to push you around" he said "But that's not MRA"

Dr Cook and his wife and I were the only delegates from the Edmonton area In Toronto we were joined by another party of Canadians including two MPs and Chief David Crowchild of the Sarcee Indian band near Calgary

We arrived on Friday Dec. 1 and were taken to the conference headquarters in a luxurious hotel about thirty miles from Rio Even before we were assigned to our billets in nearby hotels we were treated to speeches by MRA members They were mainly confessions and I was to hear literally hundreds of similar stories at mass rallies meals and in private conversations for the next five days.

All the speakers denounced their former sins — these ranged from communism to sexual perversion—and explained how MRA had remade their lives They also extolled MRA's four absolutes absolute honesty absolute purity absolute unselfishness and absolute love. I estimate there were about 1,000 people at the conference They came from all over the world At the morning afternoon and evening sessions Rio dock workers, Kenyan and Chilean students and some Americans stood up and told about their former lives. These last went into gruesome and I thought unnecessary details — and told the crowds what MRA had done for them It was like a continuous old fashioned revival meeting.

I soon became aware that a small group had selected me for special attention The same people kept asking to speak to me privately and to eat with me For meals we sat in groups of half a dozen or so at a table and everyone except me went through the ritual of public confession and praise of MRA I tried not to get involved in these discussions but they asked me bluntly what I thought of MRA and how my life measured up to the four absolutes I kept telling them I was just an unconnected observer but they kept insisting that I answer their questions



I finally told them I didn't agree with them that MRA was the only answer to communism the final answer to evils in general and the last hope of the world They said it was people like me who were pushing us so perilously close to communism They accused me of cowardice and hypocrisy The most damaging things I did from their point of view were "philosophizing and intellectualizing."

I was never able to find out how many uninvited guests like myself were at the conference Whenever I tried to speak to one an MRA member would come up and ask to talk to me privately

On Tuesday, five days after the conference had begun Dr Cook invited me to a meeting with himself and two of the group who had been paying such close attention to me They asked me if I was ready to change my mind about MRA I told them "no" Dr Cook then accompanied me to the airport and bought me a ticket to Canada The next morning I was on my way back to Edmonton ★

The bilingual job boom in Quebec

Whether or not the separatist movement has anything to do with it, job prospects are brighter than ever for bilingual French Canadians graduating from college into the business world this spring. "We could have graduated twice as many and found jobs for all of them with English speaking firms" reports Jean Allaire, secretary-general of *l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales* the business administration branch of the University of Montreal

Placement directors and management consultant firms attribute the rise in job opportunities for young French Canadians to an upsurge in the province's economy, rather than to the highly vocal separatists who advocate "Quebec jobs for Quebeckers" At the U of M in fact the first heavy shock wave of separatist talk last year had an adverse effect on employment prospects "Some English-speaking employers were so horrified at the very idea of separatism that they cut off our students from some jobs" says a University of Montreal official

This initial reaction however was soon followed by another one As the grievances of Quebec were openly and frankly discussed there came a new surge of good will toward the French Canadian job candidates from basically English Canadian firms Some of them began advertising, as they hadn't previously felt graduates who could speak both languages

Allaire points out that the trend is also dictated by self interest Bilingual people have an obvious advantage in the Quebec market—especially in marketing credit and sales positions. "The big companies are head headed about it" says Allaire They are looking for brains, not just names among the French speaking. ★

FOOTNOTES

About royal bee jelly: It's been analyzed by the U S food and drug administration to check on claims made by some distributors that it increases sexual vitality and relieves irritability, headache, insomnia, depression and physical and spiritual convulsions. Analysis showed the jelly had chemical properties similar to those of evaporated cow's milk.

About women: Nutritionists can't understand why they live so long. A survey of Nebraska women age 60 to 90 showed 31 percent weren't getting enough calcium in their diet, half were going short on vitamin A, two thirds lacked enough iron, and one third were deficient in B vitamins But almost none were overweight which helped them to live longer.

About hard times in the land: The Christian Children's Fund Inc., of Richmond, Va., which advertises for sponsors to "adopt" orphans by contributing $10 a month to their care, lists Canada, along with Iran, Indonesia, Brazil and Hong Kong, among the 43 countries in which children are eligible for aid The U S and Scotland—but not England—are also on the list

About old sea water: Three University of British Columbia researchers in the interests of pure science, lowered a metal bottle 1,200 feet down into Powell Lake north of Vancouver, triggered the lid and trapped what is believed to be the oldest sample of sea water ever discovered—between 7,300 and 12,250 years old The lake was connected with the ocean 10,000 years ago and the salt water heavier than fresh water stayed trapped at the bottom

About things: They're tough all over The Rolls-Royce company is thinking of putting out a compact

The winter book on prospects for a Liberal cabinet

One of the smartest cabinets in Canadian politics is that government which defeated and rejected. But nominally no party has ever gained office in Canada entirely by default.

A government in power can't be upset solely because it has committed a certain blunder. Its leader in the country at large. It can be displaced only if this charge is substantiated by the public behaviour of some alternative government which the people believe by the opposition.

The Liberals were risk in that power for twenty-two years before the 1957 debacle set so much so, in fact, they were buried by the Diefenbaker landslide. Only Prime Minister John Diefenbaker came along the Progressive Conservatives appointed incapable of learning or of learning anything.

Now the situation is reversed. The Liberals have convinced themselves that the past fifty-seven months of Diefenbaker rule have left most Canadians disenchanted with the Conservatives. They believe the electorate is thirsty only for the reforms and Liberal ideas they can build a new cabinet of competent people in our time country.

Lester Pearson has not given public pledges of cabinet posts to any of his candidates, but behind the scenes the Liberals here been quietly building a party elite from which the future cabinet will undoubtedly be chosen. Significantly only eleven of the thirty names that are being mentioned in Ottawa as part of their secret group are members of the present Liberal contingent in the Commons. Most of the others are newcomers to federal politics, though well known and respected in their own fields.

If they get themselves elected the surest bet for a future Liberal cabinet are Walter Gordon (running in Toronto Davenport) Mitchell Sharp (Toronto Eglinton) C. M. Drury (Montreal St. Antoine-Westmount) and Maurice Lamontagne (Quebec East). Gordon who has become Pearson's closest confidant would probably occupy the Finance portfolio. Sharp who was deputy minister of Trade and Commerce under C. D. Howe and has since been vice president of Brazilian Traction in Toronto might head a new department of industry which the Liberals hope to set up as a centralized agency for encouraging secondary manufacturing in Canada. Lamontagne an economist specialist who has been Pearson's chief economic mentor would probably go to Trade and Commerce. Drury a former deputy minister of national defence would likely return to that department in its cabinet.

Other portfolios they would probably go to political newcomers are Health and Welfare to Tom Kent the ex-editor of the Winnipeg Free Press who has been Pearson's chief policy adviser and is now considering a candidacy in Winnipeg North and Transport to Maurice Sauvé, the chief organizer of the Quebec Liberal Party who'll be running in one of the Gaspe seats. The return of Walter Harris, the former finance minister (expected to run in Grey-Bruce) and Robert Winters former public works minister who is being urged to run in Halifax would bring these two icons into the cabinet again.

Other prominent names lately on the federal scene with a good chance for cabinet jobs include Herper Prowse, (a former leader of the Liberal Party in Alberta running in Edmonton West) David Dickson (a Federation lawyer expected to run in York Sunbury) Alex Matheson (ex-premier of P.E.I., now co-ordinating federal seed) David Steers (a France Albert organizer who'll probably run in Rutherford) John Nichol (son of Vancouver lawyer who'll be contesting Vancouver Centre); David Tinnes (a well-known naval veteran who'll run in Esquimalt-Saanich) and John Davis (the former B. C. Electric research director trying to get the Coast-Capilano nomination). Allen MacEachen (a former MP who is now Pearson's research director) has been nominated in Inverness-Richmond and is also a cabinet possibility.

Front benchers in the current parliament with the best chance to cabinet portfoor include Paul Martin, most likely to be secretary of state for External Affairs; Lionel Chevrier (a candidate for the Justice portfolio); Fred Hellyer, who might best slot into Public Works; and J. W. Pickersgill, who has expressed or inferred to the Fisheries portfolio providing it were expanded to include Canadian marine services. Pickersgill would probably also become Liberal House leader in the Commons. Other members of the present Commons contingent considered to be cabinet timber are Lucien Cardin, Alan Macnaughton, Bill Benidickson, Maurice Bourget, Judy LaMarsh, J. Heduard Rouleau and Jack Garland. Senator J. J. Connolly president of the National Liberal Federation is expected to be appointed government leader in the Senate.

The Liberals have high hopes of attracting at least one political rebel to their ranks. Hazen Argue the NDP-CCF house leader who is known to be disillusioned with his party since his defeat for the leadership. Argue might be allured the western half of the Agriculture portfolio which the Liberals intend to split into two departments. A leading candidate to head the Agriculture East division is thought to be Jean Baptiste Lemoyne head of the Catholic Farmers Union in Quebec who has been approached to run in the Chambly-Rouville constituency.

Because ten of the men who are being prominently mentioned for the next Liberal cabinet were associated with the St. Laurent regime, John Diefenbaker enjoys what in effect the Liberals would mean returning the country's administration to "the same old bunch" so soundly influenced by the electorate in 1957 and 1958. During recent Commons debate the prime minister charged these men with being bureaucrats, socialists who believe that desirable economic objectives can only be attained by turning a nation into a disciplined and controlled unit.

Naturally enough this view is challenged by the Grits, who court the Liberals never were either bureaucrats or socialists. But at the same time the men close to Pearson admit that the next Liberal government's relations with the business community will be very different from the smooth entente of the St. Laurent and C. D. Howe days.

The pre 1957 Liberal administration projected a picture of itself as a benevolent government with a great humanitarian heart — straddling the political centre with recognizable clamor stalked on both left *and* right. Its attitude toward free enterprise was probably best summed up on May 4, 1953 when St. Laurent told the House of Commons: "I think all of us recognize the fact that there are some things which it is more appropriate to have done by public authorities than by free enterprise. But I think we are all most happy when free enterprise does what is required to be done and public authorities do not interfere."

A new Liberal administration would move considerably left of this *laissez faire* position. It would accomplish such a shift largely through the establishment of a National Economic Council attached to the prime minister's office. This body would recommend government policies to ensure full employment and prevent these policies into the pitfall sectors of the economy.

This isn't socialism but it wouldn't be inherent free enterprise either. Maurice Lamontagne who ex-Pearson's chief economic adviser is the author of the scheme has compared it to the indicative planning now being practised in France.

The French plan was originated sixteen years ago under the provisional government of General de Gaulle. Its main architect was Jean Monnet who has more become the driving force behind the European Common Market. Despite the country's many economic setbacks since the war France's gross national product has climbed an average of 4.5 percent a year and industrial output has doubled. Largely due to the success of the three Four Year Plans completed by the French government. The fourth Four Year Plan is just getting under way.

Administered by a forty-man secretariat these plans set objectives for both labor and management in every industry with targets decided by committees representing income and consumer in each sector of the economy. The government decides its credit export, fiscal and monetary policies to concert with the plan's mutually accepted objectives. There is no legal compulsion for labor and management in saving into line, but the harmony achieved in the formulation of each plan carries over spontaneously into its execution because everyone involved realizes there's profit in co-operation. The plan idea would not be reproduced exactly for Canada to consumption but its main secrets of giving the economy some coherent direction would certainly be applied.

This is the kind of thinking that has prompted Lester Pearson to echo President Kennedy's bold boast that he can get the economy moving again."



Star billing for Gordon, Lamontagne and Sharp

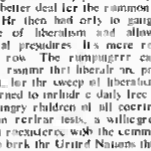
Problem for Kennedy: Congress is running scared

How many Americans have swung to the political right? How far have they swung?

The first reliable answers will be provided by the "midterm" congressional elections in November. Until then the uncertainty about the dimensions of the tide of conservatism that has been sprouting across the United States seems likely to frustrate President John F. Kennedy's efforts to persuade Congress to pass the more controversial items in his legislative program.

As everybody knows, and especially the candidates who will be running for two-year terms in the 347 seats in the House of Representatives and six-year terms in 34 of the 100 Senate seats, the art of winning office consists to a large extent of being able to gauge the mood and wishes of the majority. For a skilled and experienced campaigner this used to be fairly easy. In an average constituency he could fairly assume that more voters than not had liberal leanings which simply meant they were for a better deal for the common U.S. man. He then had only to gauge the degree of liberalism and allow for regional prejudices. It's more complicated now. The rumpus over the long-awaited but apparently accelerating rise of the Right. Its problem is further complicated by the fact that moderate Republicans may look him if he gets entangled with immoderate Rightists — John Birchers, Ku Kluxers and other ideological gangsters.

The prevailing attitude of the lawmakers on Capitol Hill is one of wait and see," to short the rafter thugs to



Mr. Cornnock is conservative Speaker

do it nothing. Don't pass the bill for federal aid to education don't pass the bill for medical care for the aged don't pass the bill to let President Kennedy negotiate across the board" tariff deals, don't pass this.

The final mood of Congress was clear even before the current session opened in January. The immensely popular Sam Rayburn a liberal who had been Speaker of the House of Representatives for 17 years had died Nov. 16. Mr. Sam as he was called and had been grooming as his successor a youthful liberal named Richard Bolling, a Democrat from Missouri. John Kennedy is reported to have favored Bolling for the Speakership. But Bolling was too liberal for the legislator of his party who didn't want to risk antagonizing conservatives. They picked John W. McCormack of Massachusetts. Bolling then tried for the Democratic leadership in the House of Representatives strongly backed by civil rights groups like the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and Americans for Democratic Action but he lost out to Carl Albert of Oklahoma. Albert had never championed civil rights.

The conservatives gang up

The result of the selection of McCormack and Albert for the two most influential positions in the House showed up pretty soon as an important measure was introduced. This was the bill to create a federal department of urban affairs and housing, and it was scuttled by a coalition of conservative Democrats and Republicans in the House rules committee. Sam Rayburn had recard part of the 1961 Kennedy program by chipping the wings of this committee a year ago, now under McCormack and Albert it is flying high right.

Kennedy may find another way to get up his new department a way that will bypass the rules committee. But it looks as though he'll be a very frustrated chief executive before the powerful committee is through with his proposals.

Kennedy obviously has reason to be nervous about the impact the upsurge of conservatism will have on his legislation. Is the upsurge influencing his policies? Reporters who cover Washington often debate this. Those who argue in the affirmative contend that Kennedy's civil rights drive has slowed down and that the adjective that has been used in 1962 is "progressive" rather than "liberal." But the other side remember data to prove that Kennedy is as resolutely liberal as ever. He refuses to bow to the gruesome American Medical Association lobby against medical care for the aged; he firmly intends to appoint the first Negro cabinet member in history; his secretary of defense, Robert McNamara, is making the Pentagon bigger, not smaller, and re-establishing civilian control over the armed forces; and he is doing all that is possible to get aid to education into effect although Roman Catholics oppose this because the aid is for public rather than sectarian schools; and segregationists oppose it because they regard it as a weapon for integrationists.

I think myself they Kennedy as an astute politician has no intention of unnecessarily angering or alienating the reactionary segment of the population that has rallied to the Right. He'll try to get as much of this segment as he can in his own camp although this may mean offering minor concessions. But when the chips are down, he'll fight hard for the policies that he really wants and feels are vital.

If he respects the conservatives who are motivated by a yen to return to old-fashioned standards of thrift industry, self-reliance and balanced budgets he plainly has no respect at all for the so-called radical Right wingers, the ultra-conservatives, the superpatriots. According to Joe Alsop, a newspaper columnist who is one of Kennedy's personal friends, Kennedy recently advised Governor Pat Brown of California to "pin the John Birch label" on former Vice President Richard Nixon. Nixon is opposing Brown for the governorship.

If it's true that Kennedy gave Brown this advice, he must be convinced that the radicals and ultras and supers, the fanatics, fascists, hatemongers and eggheads of the Far Right are dividing downhill and will henceforth be irrelevantly not an asset to the candidates they endorse.

Other politicians are far from sure that the extremists have had their day. And there are prominent figures on



Humorist Barry Goldwater

Capitol Hill, men of the ilk of Thomas Dodd and Barry Goldwater, and Strom Thurmond, who are pretty close to the extremists, like and who are growing bigger and bigger crowds at their public appearances. Goldwater, in particular, is amazed wherever he goes and how either hired a gag-writer or discovered in himself a hitherto unrevealed vein of humor. His current speeches are a mixture of Bob Hope and the late Will Rogers — when he isn't running about the international communist conspiracy, demanding that the U.S. withdraw from the United Nations, condemning social security or advocating early and drastic action against Russia. Thurmond, who once earned a large salary lobbying in Washington for the Dominican tyrant Trujillo, has lately assumed a new role as the champion of Mose Tshombe and the Union Miniere and the Katangan move to secede from the Congo, and as the implacable foe of the United Nations. As for Strom Thurmond, there's a reflation that he aspires to be the Joe McCarthy of the 1960s.

The prestige and admiration such men enjoy are not reassuring or encouraging to the members of the House or Senate who would like to back the presidential program in toto but has to face the voters in November. Looking over the American scene, the prospective candidate notes:

■ While Dwight D. Eisenhower, the idolized father image of the Republican Party, has denounced the lunatic fringe of the Right, the party itself has shifted from the middle of the road well into the right lane. Governor Nelson Rockefeller is seldom mentioned these days as a serious contender for the 1964 Republican presidential nomination. The only reason he and his wife are being divorced, it is believed, Rockefeller, quite of his family background is rigged by a liberal.

■ While John F. Kennedy, the top man in the Democratic Party, has also denounced the child hysteria of the Right, Major General Edwin Walker, whose principal recreation during his army days was browbeating out of the army for preaching the twisted nonsense of the John Birchers, already has run a minor campaign for Governor of Texas.

■ While the head of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, Dr. Lewis Jones, has assailed self-styled conservatives and patriots who foster distrust among neighbors, a lay preacher named Fred Schwarz, who is a professional Right-wing zealot and wife-hunter, has announced that his 1961 collection approximated $1,000,000.

Apart from such seemingly irrelevant items as those, the man who is running for Congress in November fairly parks up a newspaper without getting the impression that the Right wingers are living it up all over the map. Today's issue of the Washington Evening Star for example, reports:

■ A congressional inquiry into charges by Strom Thurmond that the Kennedy administration has muzzled the military high brass to prevent talk about the threat of communism.

■ A statement by Right-wing Republican Walter Judd of Minnesota that the Democrats had been in bed with the communists, unwittingly or not.

■ Governor Walker's gubernatorial campaign.

■ The latest triumph of Senator Goldwater who to quote the Star, emerged as the hero of a four-day convention of the Young Republican National Leadership Training School, which strove to give equal time to Right and Left but could not equally distribute the enthusiasm."

■ A Right-inspired investigation into the defense department's handling of atomic secrets.

■ The bombing of Los Angeles of the homes of two clergymen who had criticized Right wing extremism.

■ A Right wing accusation that a state department official was hoodwinked by Castro.

■ An announcement by the attorney general of Maryland that his subversive activities division will investigate anti-segregation activities.

That's eight stories with a Right wing angle in a single day which is not about par for the course. Do the noises of the Right wingers overwhelmingly exceed their numbers? Maybe, and maybe not. The November elections will cast the first real light on the murky and confusing picture. Meanwhile with three quarters of the congressional seats at stake this fall, the entire lower congressional area playing it safe and the prospects for the Kennedy legislation are bleak."

How to reduce immigration: show CBC plays abroad

Last fall the CBC happily announced that it had sold its Playwrite drama series for re-use by Britain's independent television network. When British actors later acted out similar political farce numbers on Canada-produced CBC-to-suspend debates if any provinces flirt with separation, it was the Canadian plays that drew chuckles. British viewers and reporters in the community of TV critic Alan Hall threw up their hands. Maclean's asked Phil Buck of the London Daily Herald and here is his analysis:

There is a form of humor among British TV critics for shows such as American import and an English claim to an English accent and an American stand. We call them Mid Atlantic and when we say that we don't smile. This dirty four syllable word covers a tawdry two way truth. Mink Sabot and Danger Man claim that we try from time to time, and we turn homeland with cheap and nasty Hollywood packages and a fittingly uneven and disconcerting drama contribution from Canada.

Individual London critics like Cecil Tudor and Kate Rand, have made a tremendous impact on our TV screens. One British commercial TV company is determined on the drama side to Canadians. The boss, who has mastermised a dynamic influence over the whole of British TV drama, is Sidney Newman. Under him, Ted Kotcheff has won a best director award with a series of crackling realism plays produced with a personal lyricism that lifted them above and beyond the kitchen sink. Unfortunately for TV, Kotcheff has now gone into the cinema.

Much of Canada's TV output down has been far less happy. Towards the end of last year the British unions came. Equity called a strike against the commercial TV companies. The aim was to make the companies pay increased rates to actors' rates related to the size of the network audience served. As a result of the strike, eventually no new British productions could be mounted in commercial TV in major weekly drama spots.

When the principle of taped plays from out-of-London united Canadian dramas were hailed in some of those thick and glossy culture old and blurred in technique and content. I will cite just one. Hear for a Shouting lifted a TV Playhouse spot in December. With an glib title and its flip plot, it could stand on a model script in an American journal on how to write for TV anybody it has seem in that. Instead of Marty the butcher in need of a wife it had Sam the shoe salesman in search of a son. It was written to trans-Atlantic specifications in half-notions. Half set fifteen and half syllabub and it starred a veteran professional hamstring juggler in George Tobias.

Tobias a considerable actor ingratiating and sensitive with his big nose dopey smile and pained eyes has been doing unworthy work in Hollywood for the past umpteen years but I think I prefer to see him gunned down in the gutter time and again in Warner Brothers gangster melodramas rather than dispensing sweetness and light behind a gummed moustache as the subhero of a post Chaplinesque Hollywood like Hen for a Shoestring. I had thought of emigrating to Canada but the recent influx of such TV films from there has helped to make me change my mind.

Still the BBC — Britain's nonconformist institutional original and hallowed brickstone outfit — has reason to be grateful to Canadian TV. In February the BBC set up a new production at Ardmore Hadley's Hunters play Flight into Danger about a plane load of sickness and trouble.

The new production brought new praise. Most action said Hadley's tale had lost none of its spell of suspense. Viewers loved it all over again. For my money, Flight into Danger in triple — but it's well prepared tripe and that is what Mid Atlantic TV in condition us to expect: enjoy and even demand. ✔

The rise and fall of Canada's musical quiz queen

Whatever it's done for Canadian musical or dramatic talent, the Board of Broadcast Governors' insistence on "Canadian content" for commercial television has hit a new jackpot for the Canadian quiz-show business. Already on the still young CTV network are such stimulating intellectual exercises as:

✔ **A Kiss to Win**, a mix a week half hour in which families are pitted against other families answering tailored-to-age questions ("Now, Freddy, what is the name of Roy Rogers' dog?") and playing a kind of tiddlywinks.

✔ **Take a Chance!** a complex game involving both Hard and Easy questions in wheel that spins and bonus partners, the whole MC'd by Roy Ward Dickson.

✔ **Showdown**, the most arresting of the bunch which originates in Montreal and in which the contestants must have, among other things, both a knowledge of popular music past and present and a knack of being able to memorize a list quickly and recall it under pressure. In each round three contestants listen to taped matches of say six tunes then bid against each other on how many they can name. If the high bidder says he can recall five of the six he must and off their titles correctly or be challenged ("I think Yesterday should have been Yesterdays") by his opponents. The game which involves some bluffing too, is presumably just hard enough to keep its viewers playing against the contestants.

But Showdown really became a success when it developed its own resident champion—a pretty dimpled Villa St Laurent accountant's wife named Amy Dellor who saw the program passed the tests, and appeared for ten weeks on the program winning more than $7 000 worth of prizes. When Mrs. Dellor was finally bumped off last month, her loot included a week in the Laurentians, trips to Paris and Rome, two easy-Inspector, a garbage disposal unit, washing machine, dryer, dishwasher, TV set, hi-fi and three full-length camera. She had also become — or so it seemed — about the best Showdown player in the world.

"The longer you play on," she said just before she went off, "the better you get. You develop little tricks of memory and you get better at bluffing and telling when other people are bluffing. I know that lots of the people I'm related knew more about music than I do but they were knocked off before they got used to the game."

When Amy finally was beaten last month she and her husband went off to a dancing party with the Showdown quizmaster — including, of course, many of the people she'd beaten. "I'm glad I'm not out on all them," she said. "We have a real little mini-party and soon, they we're all going to get together and play Showdown. They're all wondering if they could beat me." PETER GROSSMAN

MOVIES: Clyde Gilmour

Sculpture in the seraglio

WALK ON THE WILD SIDE: Jane Fonda, 24, daughter of Henry, has some of the best moments — and manages to avoid most of the bad ones — in this murky Hollywood melodrama about life in a high-toned New Orleans brothel in the 1930s. Appearing as one of the younger inhabitants, she offers her heart to a politic, mostly Texan (Laurence Harvey), but his thoughts are all for a senior girl (Capucine) who has the distinction of being a sculptress as well as a Fallen Woman. Wholesome and unwholesome femininity are also represented by Anne Baxter and Barbara Stanwyck, respectively.



PETER SOMMERS: David Janssen, whose performances increasingly suggest that he has been watching too many old Clark Gable movies on TV, appears as a Manhattan press agent perilously involved with vengeful gangsters and vindictive columnists. One of his clients (Polly Bergen) is a nightclub singer whose human threat cond by her past. Miss Bergen deserves a brighter script.

HARP OF BURMA: From penny Fons Japan comes this poetic and deeply poignant film about a soldier who dons the robes of a Buddhist priest and stays behind to bury the dead instead of going home with his comrades. Visual and musical impressions flow together like a great river, giving the story an impact far beyond the mere dimensions of the "plot."

And these are worth seeing:
The Innocents
Judgment at Nuremberg
A Majority of One
Murder, She Said
A Summer to Remember

PROFILE: Don't buy a painting, buy the gallery

When Agnès Lefort retired last September she turned over her Montreal art gallery—which sells only abstract art—to a painter who seemed at first glance to be a ruthlessly successful Miss Godard, 32, a raven haired mandarin's engineer who had spent all her working life in the field of press-on measurements. Miss Godard went in to buy a picture and ended up owning the gallery. "It's a change," she admits, "considering I've spent the last ten years phrasing a millionth of an inch."

The person Mlle Galerie Agnès Lefort was changing hands brought forth four morn would be patchwork but Miss Lefort—a painter herself—was confident her first choice was best for her gallery. A friend seller in the field, Galerie Agnès Lefort started in 1951 several years before either the National Gallery or the Museum of Fine Arts owned a thorough going example of nonfigurative art. It was the first gallery in Montreal to deal only in abstract and the first to give a one man show to the late Paul Emile Borduas and to nurture Jacques Ilan Mefwan.

Miss Godard plans to continue in Miss Lefort's adventurous footsteps. Like her predecessor she hopes to discover young artists and make them known. Most important she expects to continue Miss Lefort's policy of dealing only in abstraction. "I can truthfully say she reminds me that we haven't a nice scene in the place."

Miss Godard left Bucharest with her family in 1948 studied mathematics at the Sorbonne and spent hours touring the Louvre. When she came to Canada in 1950 she found a job in a laboratory at RCA Victor and began collecting Canadian painting. She moved to Avia tion Electric finished her B.Sc. at Sir George Williams University became a charter member of the Society of Standard Engineers and eventually headed a precision measurements lab with a staff of 100. An executive of her old firm recently called her "one of the best engineers we ever had."

In February Miss Godard published the first artist she has picked as a likely comer. He was a ten-year resident of Canada Cleon Carpi son of Aldo Carpi director of the Brera Academy in Milan and an abstract painter with unlimited imaginations. Miss Godard was enthusiastic. Hint got a stylized landscape. Big horizons a bit of whimsy and very fanny suns, she said.

DOROTHY ERER



WATER* tells the truth about whisky

Water* (plain or sparkling) is your most reliable guide to the whole truth about any whisky. Water adds nothing, detracts nothing, but reveals a whisky's true natural flavour and bouquet. Put Seagram's "83" to the water test and you'll agree — to be that good with water, it must be a superb whisky and a more satisfying drink with any man's favourite mixer.

Seagram's "83" CANADIAN WHISKY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS

Ask for "Coke" or "Coca-Cola", both trade-marks mean the product of Coca-Cola Ltd., the world's best-loved sparkling drink.



Only Coke gives you that **REFRESHING NEW FEELING**

Cool and crisp as a ride or slide down the mountain . . . ice-cold Coca-Cola. Its lively lift and sparkling taste heighten the fun . . . brighten the occasion, for only Coca-Cola refreshes you best!

